OUR RIP-SNORTING SCIENCE FICTION ISSUE!

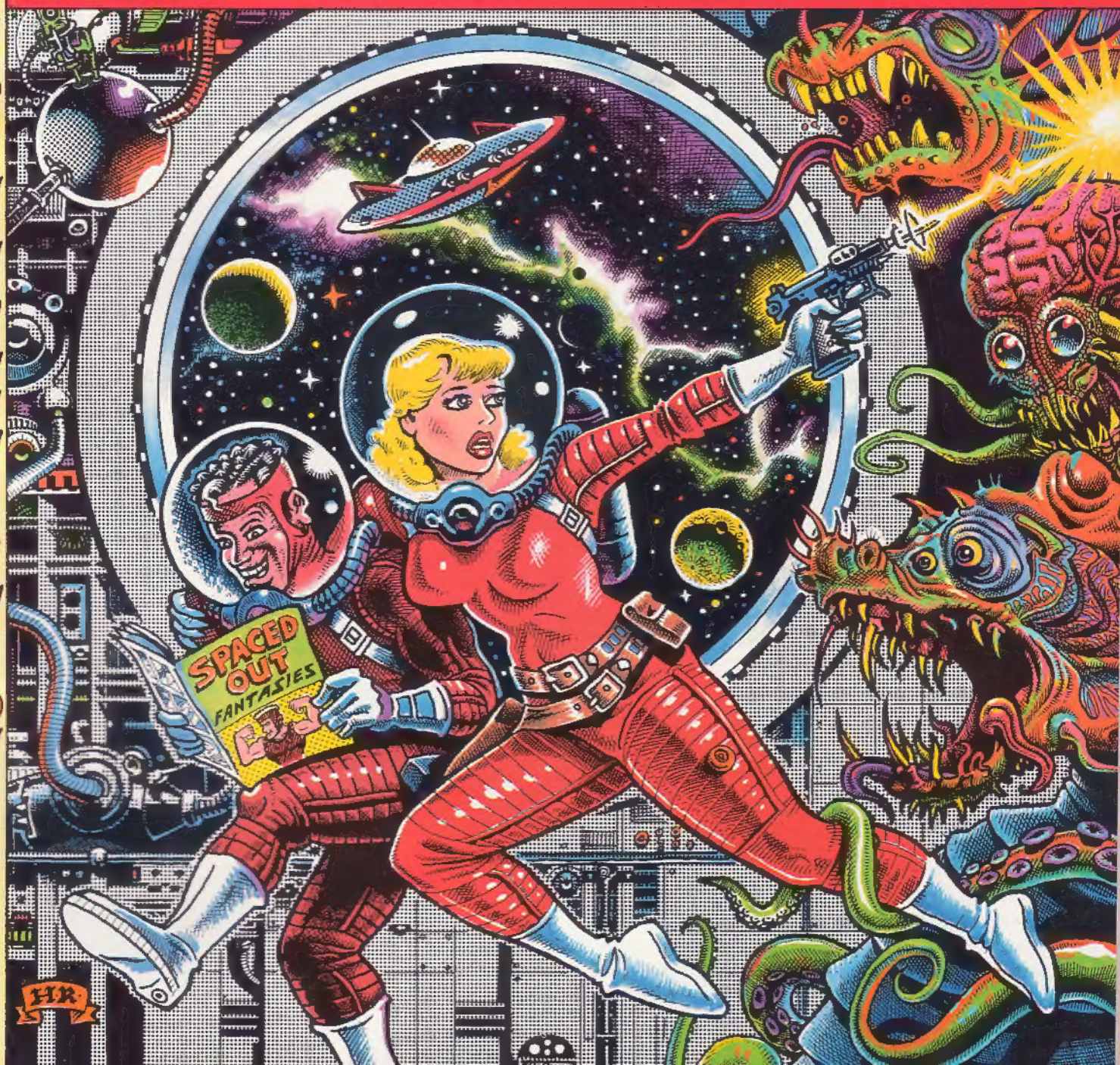
RIP OFF COMIX

OUR PRICE: $2.95
$3.75 CANADA

★ RIP OFF PRESS INC.

ADULT MATERIAL

No. 23



INTRODUCTION

BY THIS ISSUE'S EDITOR, KATHE TODD

I first became hooked on Science Fiction at around the age of 15. The Space Age was upon us, and a whole universe of possibilities had opened up. In Sci Fi, unlike any other except its companion genre Fantasy, writers were free to let their imaginations take wing—untrammeled by the bounds of The World As We Know It. Still, with more of the Unknown being boxed in by Scientific Fact each year, the classic Sci Fi of Jules Verne and Doc Smith was beginning to seem corny, campy and hopelessly outdated. The most enjoyable Sci Fi, I found, was framed with as much believable technology as possible. In this Sci Fi issue of *Rip Off Comix* however, you'll find more emphasis on humor than on hardware:

The Redoubtable Baron von Munchausen relates another of his True (honest, really!) Adventures in **Joe Lee's** "Lectures of the Space Academy." **Gilbert Shelton's** Fat Freddy's Cat teaches Fat Freddy a lesson about playing with rayguns, then **Trina Robbins** tells us about the Sci Fi movie so great they had to make it twice in "Beatnik Maidens of the Moon." We see another spin on the premise of the Sci Fi movie "Iceman" in **Chris Harmon's** "Billy the Barbarian." Next, stop off in the cocktail lounge and check out "Barmaids on Mars" by **Lyndal Ferguson.** After that **Larry Todd's** "Rock 'n' Roll Aliens" trash a hotel room on their first gig—read this story or be destroyed. We'll be bringing out a whole comic featuring the band's adventures later this year. **Joshua Quagmire** brings us a word from Uncle Joe on the subject of "Commies in Space," and invokes a mood of nostalgic desolation in "Martian Duet." The Elkhounds George and Gracie run afoul of the Boss' attempts at mind control in another installment of **Paul Ollswang's** "Dreams of a Dog." From Tasmania, or is it another galaxy, comes "Gaspetian Meatballs" by **Lindsay Arnold. Mary Fleener's** "Madame X from Planet Sex" finds things are pretty much the same no matter where you go, in "X-Pose." And rounding out the issue, we have a rollicking tale of "Fangs McCoy" by English cartoonist **J.A. Short.**

About the Covers: H.S. (Hal) Robins, cited in Trina's story as *savant extraordinaire* of bad Sci Fi films of the 50's, has recently had a featured role as a mad scientist in what may become one of the classic bad Sci Fi films of the 80's. His vision of a space-suited cutie battling BEM's harkens back to the Golden Era of Sci Fi paperback covers. We'll leave it up to you to figure out just what is going on between the naked lady and the thing with all the tentacles in **Guy Colwell's** back cover painting. . .

Continued on inside back cover . . .

Rip Off Comix No. 23 is copyright © 1989 by Rip Off Press, Inc., and by the respective cartoonists. All rights reserved under International Copyright Law. No portion may be reproduced without permission of the copyright holder(s). Front cover color by Guy Colwell. Production: Guy Colwell and Kathe Todd. Edited by Kathe Todd. Printed in USA.

RIP OFF COMIX is published four times yearly by Rip Off Press, Inc., Fred Todd President. See inside back cover of this issue for subscription information. For a one year subscription to our **Mail Order Catalog** (4 issues, inside USA only), **send $1 to: Rip Off Press, Inc., P.O. Box 4686, Auburn, CA 95604.**

RIP OFF NO. 23

SUMMER: 1989

LECTURES OF THE SPACEY ACADEMY 2

FAT FREDDY'S CAT 10

BEATNIK MAIDENS 11

BARMAIDS ON MARS 20

BILLY THE BARBARIAN 14

UNCLE JOE MARTIAN DUET 28

ROCK & ROLL ALIENS · 24

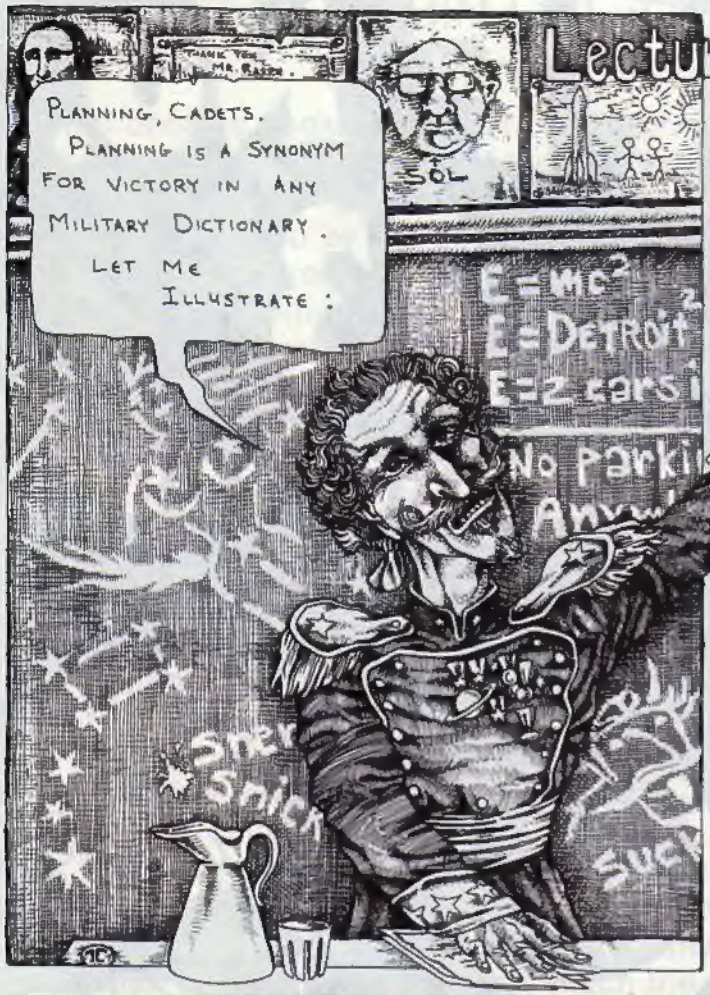
DREAM OF A DOG 34

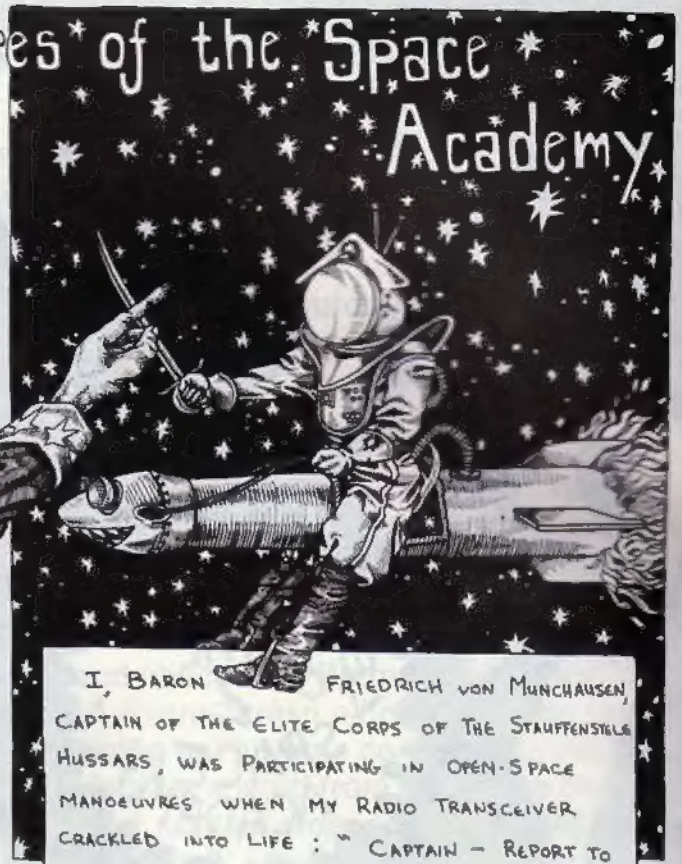
GASPETIAN MEATBALLS 39

MADAME 42

FANGS McCOY 44

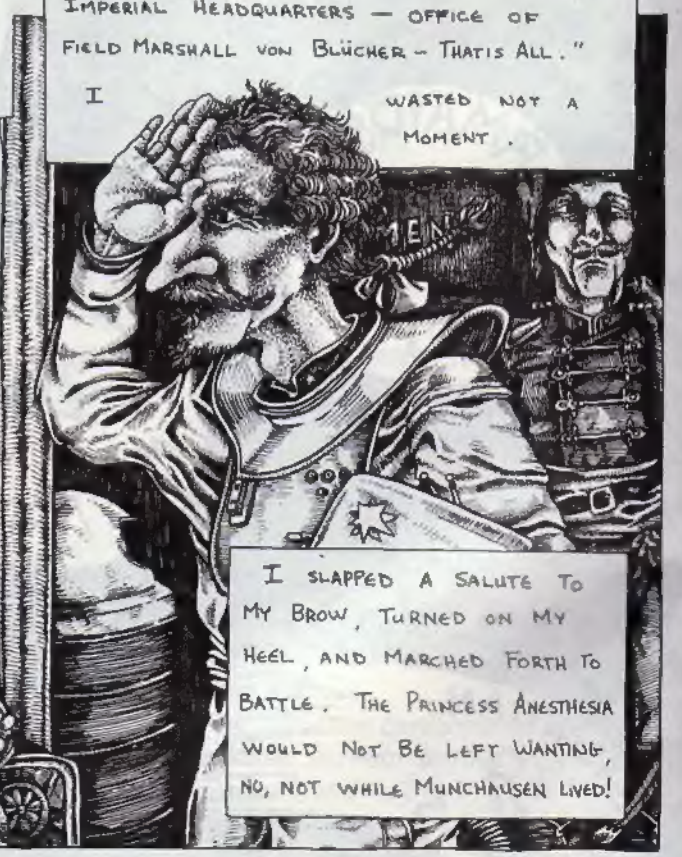
Lectures of the Space Academy



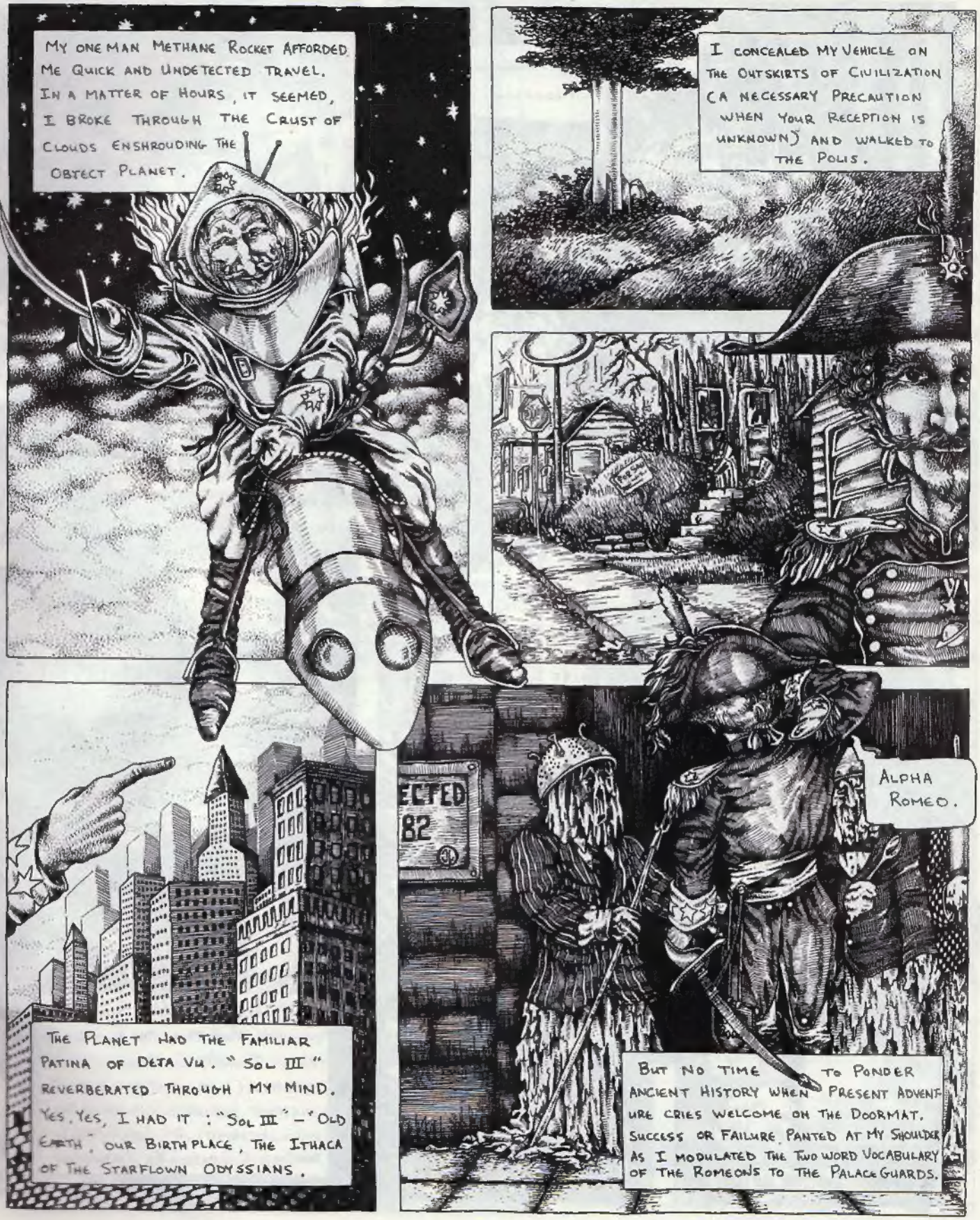


I, BARON FRIEDRICH VON MUNCHAUSEN, CAPTAIN OF THE ELITE CORPS OF THE STAUFFENSTEIN HUSSARS, WAS PARTICIPATING IN OPEN-SPACE MANOEUVRES WHEN MY RADIO TRANSCEIVER CRACKLED INTO LIFE: "CAPTAIN – REPORT TO IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS — OFFICE OF FIELD MARSHALL VON BLÜCHER – THAT IS ALL."

I WASTED NOT A MOMENT.

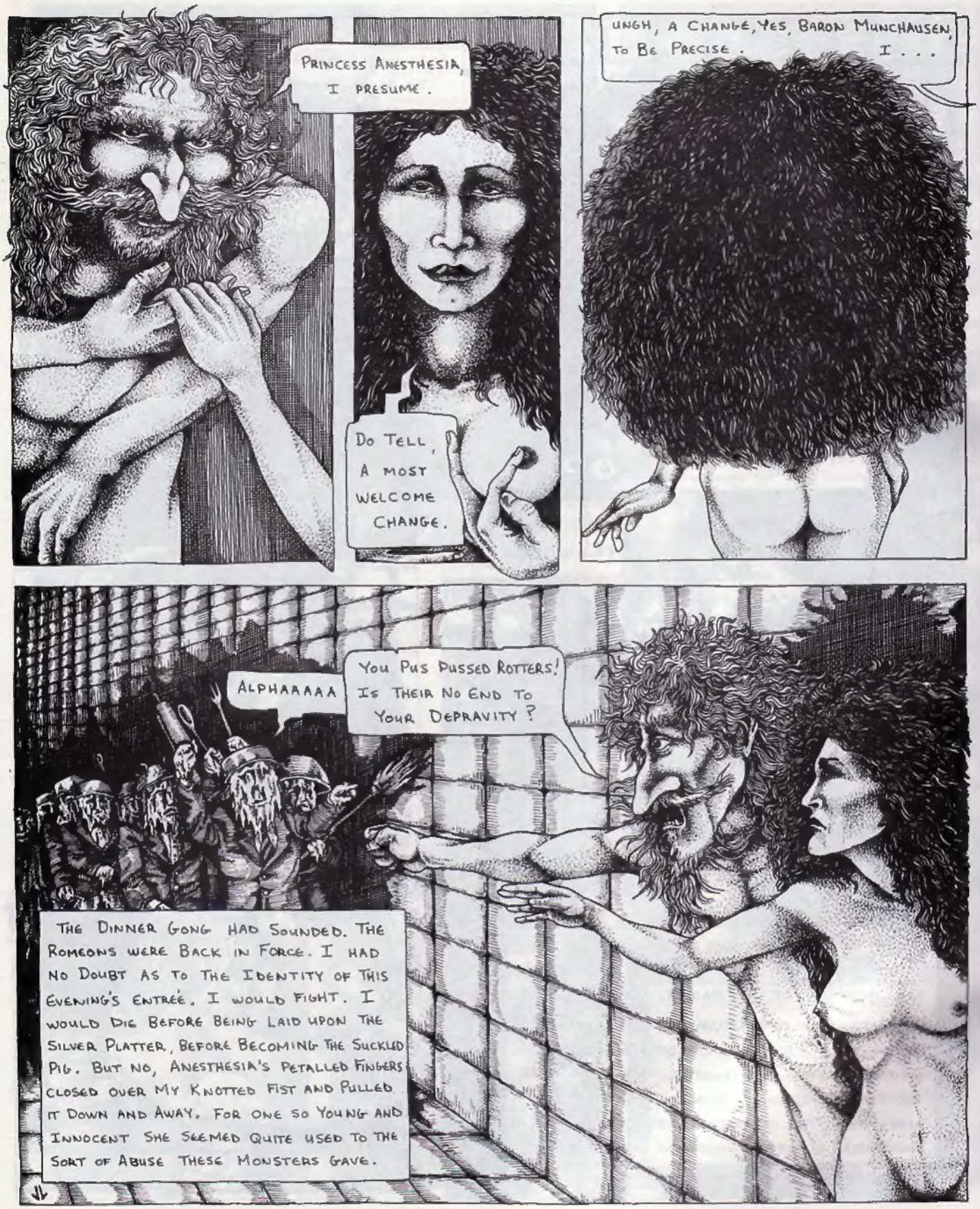


I SLAPPED A SALUTE TO MY BROW, TURNED ON MY HEEL, AND MARCHED FORTH TO BATTLE. THE PRINCESS ANESTHESIA WOULD NOT BE LEFT WANTING, NO, NOT WHILE MUNCHAUSEN LIVED!

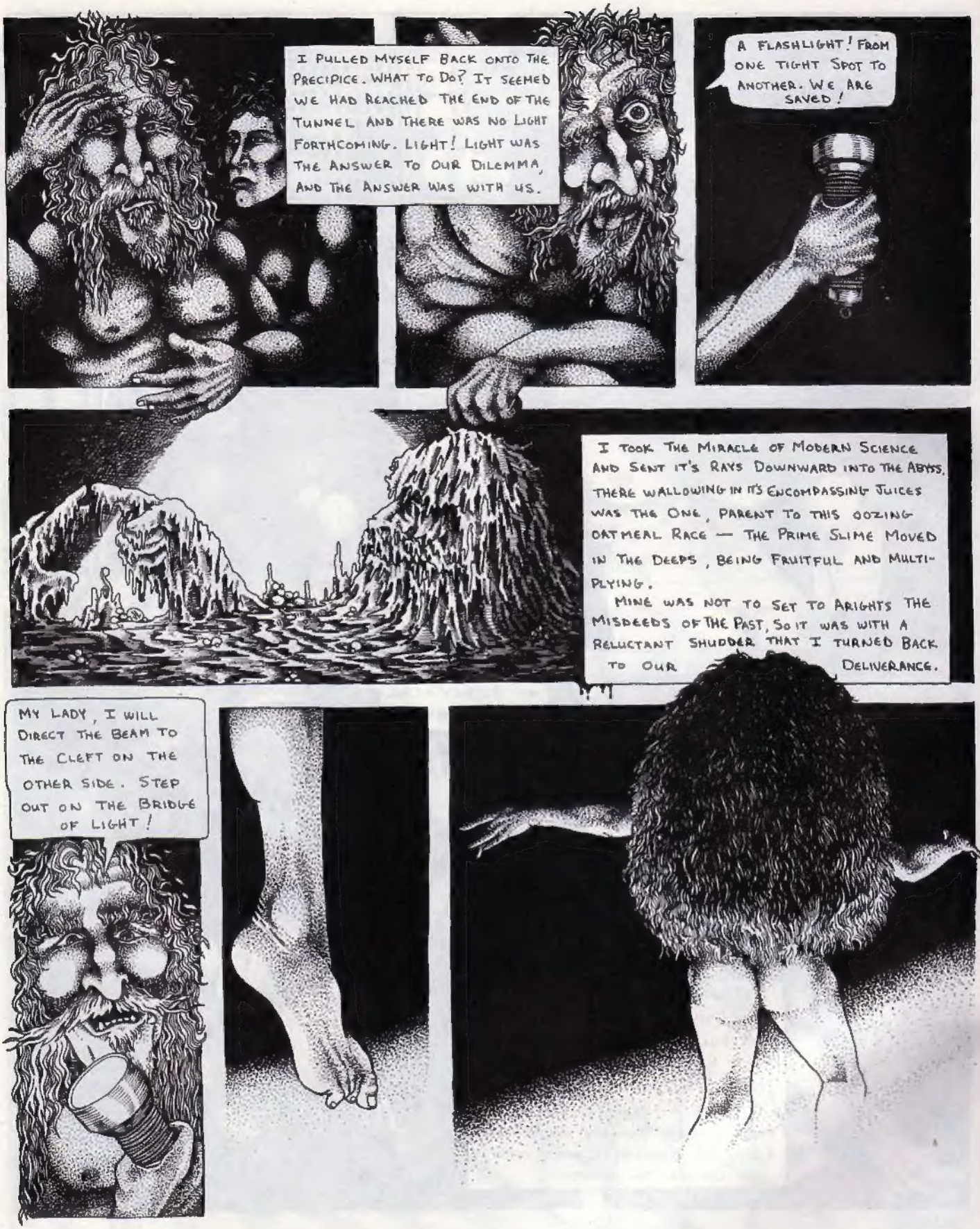

My one man Methane Rocket afforded me quick and undetected travel. In a matter of hours, it seemed, I broke through the crust of clouds enshrouding the obtect planet.
I concealed my vehicle on the outskirts of civilization (a necessary precaution when your reception is unknown) and walked to the polis.
The planet had the familiar patina of deja vu. "Sol III" reverberated through my mind. Yes, yes, I had it: "Sol III" – "Old Earth", our birthplace, the Ithaca of the starflown odyssians.
But no time to ponder ancient history when present adventure cries welcome on the doormat. Success or failure panted at my shoulder as I modulated the two word vocabulary of the Romeons to the palace guards.
Alpha Romeo.
ECTED
82

ALPHAAAAAAAA ROMEOOOOOOOO
YOU MISBEGOTTEN OFFSPRING OF A SLUG AND A JAR OF VASELINE! I DEMAND...
MY EMBASSAGE WAS OVER! ALPHA ROMEO'S SLITHERY HISS COULD ONLY BE INTERPRETED BY IT'S TONE AND IT'S TONE WAS AS ABOMINABLY READABLE AS DE SADE'S JUSTINE. DRIPPING FINGERS GRASPED ME IN A JELLYLIKE GRIP — A THOUSAND CLAMMY WORMS SQUIRMING THEIR WAY ACROSS MY FEVERED FLESH.
THE REPUGNANT SURVIVOR OF A TURHAN BEY MOVIE WAS BRIEF. ALL TOO BRIEF!
MY AUDIENCE WITH
ALPHUCK!
ALPHA ROM-MO-MO-MO-MEO.
MY GARMENTS WERE SUNDERED, DROPPING AWAY FROM THE ROMEOO'S DECADENT TOUCH. I WAS POKED, PRODDED, GIVEN THE BUM'S RUSH (A SLIMEY DIDDY SANS CULOTTE IS A MOST UNPLEASANT RUSH TO THE BUM) DOWN AISLEWAYS, THROUGH PORTALS, INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER — THE SERAGLIO!

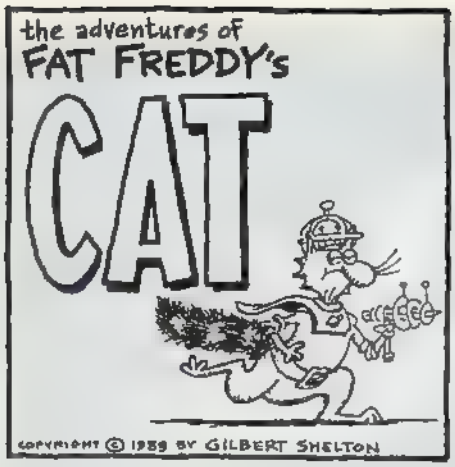
Knowledge Came Rushing Back To Me in a Flood. The Alpha Romeons — A Product of 20th Century Bio-Engineering Designed to Eat Oil Slicks, Running Wild, Stretching Their Borders, Dining on the Body Oils, The Sexual Fluids of All Living Creatures! They Had Inherited The Earth Proving the Bible Wrong — They Were Anything But Meek!
My God! My Good God!
Anesthesia — Princess Anesthesia.
I was Shocked with the Full Weight of the Romeon's Crimes. Around, About Me Crowded the Inmates of the Harem. Scales, Feathers, Skins, Smooth and Rough, All the Species of the Universe Rubbed Shoulders in the Immense Tiled Chamber. All Awaited Their Call to Be the Food of Carnal Supper — and There, Apart from the General Rabble, Rested Anesthesia, a Lily Grown on This Mountainside of Despair.


PRINCESS ANESTHESIA, I PRESUME.
DO TELL, A MOST WELCOME CHANGE.
UNGH, A CHANGE, YES, BARON MUNCHAUSEN, TO BE PRECISE. I . . .
ALPHAAAAA
YOU PUS PUSSED ROTTERS! IS THEIR NO END TO YOUR DEPRAVITY?
THE DINNER GONG HAD SOUNDED. THE ROMEONS WERE BACK IN FORCE. I HAD NO DOUBT AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THIS EVENING'S ENTRÉE. I WOULD FIGHT. I WOULD DIE BEFORE BEING LAID UPON THE SILVER PLATTER, BEFORE BECOMING THE SUCKLED PIG. BUT NO, ANESTHESIA'S PETALLED FINGERS CLOSED OVER MY KNOTTED FIST AND PULLED IT DOWN AND AWAY. FOR ONE SO YOUNG AND INNOCENT SHE SEEMED QUITE USED TO THE SORT OF ABUSE THESE MONSTERS GAVE.

Come Along. I'll Save You.
Never one to waste precious moments on impotent action, I followed the princess to a grate. We pried it from the wall, our fingers grown stronger with anxiety. We entered our only avenue of escape.
Settle down. It's not as bad as all that. Be quiet!
I took the lead for we knew what dangers lay behind and could only guess as to what obstacles would block our way. Onward and onward we crawled through the labyrinth — No! The ground dropped away beneath my battered knees. My fingers clawed into the lip of the burrow.


I PULLED MYSELF BACK ONTO THE PRECIPICE. WHAT TO DO? IT SEEMED WE HAD REACHED THE END OF THE TUNNEL AND THERE WAS NO LIGHT FORTHCOMING. LIGHT! LIGHT WAS THE ANSWER TO OUR DILEMMA, AND THE ANSWER WAS WITH US.
A FLASHLIGHT! FROM ONE TIGHT SPOT TO ANOTHER. WE ARE SAVED!
I TOOK THE MIRACLE OF MODERN SCIENCE AND SENT IT'S RAYS DOWNWARD INTO THE ABYSS. THERE WALLOWING IN IT'S ENCOMPASSING JUICES WAS THE ONE, PARENT TO THIS OOZING OATMEAL RACE — THE PRIME SLIME MOVED IN THE DEEPS, BEING FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLYING.
MINE WAS NOT TO SET TO ARIGHTS THE MISDEEDS OF THE PAST, SO IT WAS WITH A RELUCTANT SHUDDER THAT I TURNED BACK TO OUR DELIVERANCE.
MY LADY, I WILL DIRECT THE BEAM TO THE CLEFT ON THE OTHER SIDE. STEP OUT ON THE BRIDGE OF LIGHT!

SHE PASSED SLOWLY ACROSS THE WAVERING SPAR AND GAINED THE OPPOSITE SHORE. WE REVERSED OUR ROLES AND I FOLLOWED HER INITIAL PASSAGE, BUT THE PURSUIT WAS ON US! I COULD FEEL THEIR HOT BREATHS ON MY BACKSIDE.
SWITCH OFF THE LIGHT!
I'M JUMPING!
I LEAPED - SWEET SANCTUARY IN MY FINGERTIPS. THE ROMEONS FELL. THEY MET THEIR MAKER. ASHES TO ASHES, SLIME TO SLIME.
E-2 car
No Parking Anytime
THE FLASHLIGHT? PLANNING, CADETS, PLANNING. CLASS DISMISSED.
BUT CAPTAIN, WHERE DID YOU FIND THE FLASHLIGHT?
WE ESCAPED. THE REST OF THE TALE IS ANTICLIMAX.


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
COPYRIGHT © 1989 BY GILBERT SHELTON

NEW ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER!

YOU WANNA SEE HOW IT WORKS?

LOOK! THE CAT DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK OF IT!
?
WHIRRRRRR

TASTE INTERGALACTIC DEATH RAY, VILE ALIEN! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!
WHIRRRRRRR
!!?

YOU CAN COME OUT, KITTY! IT'S HARMLESS! I PROMISE!
HA HA HA!

?

CLICK
WHIRRRRRR
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HEY, DON'T PLAY WITH MY HAIR DRYER!

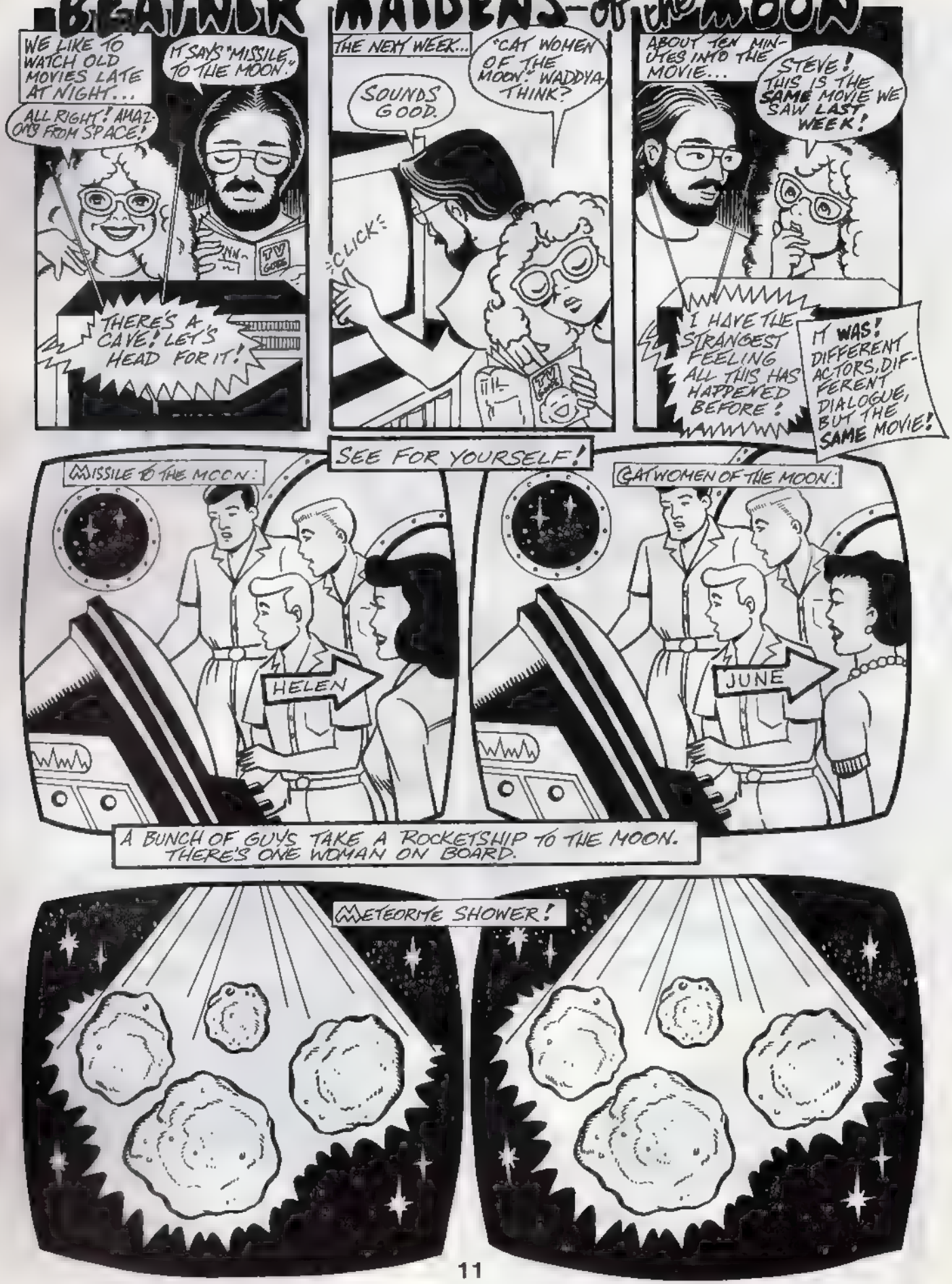
GET AWAY FROM HERE WITH THAT THING! IT'S DANGEROUS!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS HARMLESS!
WHIRRRR

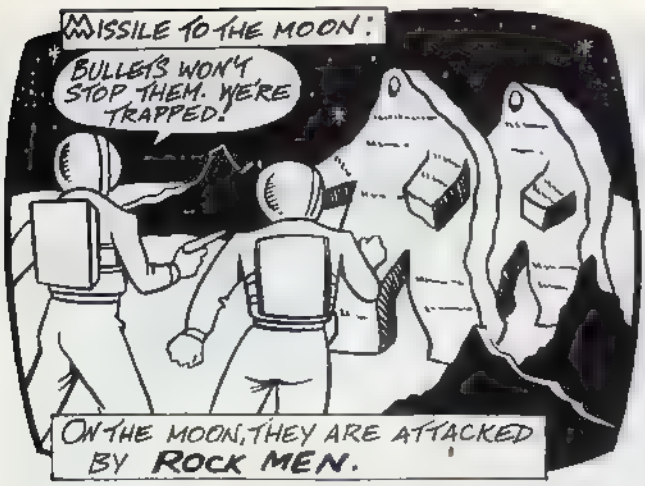
NO! NO! PUT IT DOWN! PUT IT DOWN! PLEASE!
WHIRRRRRR

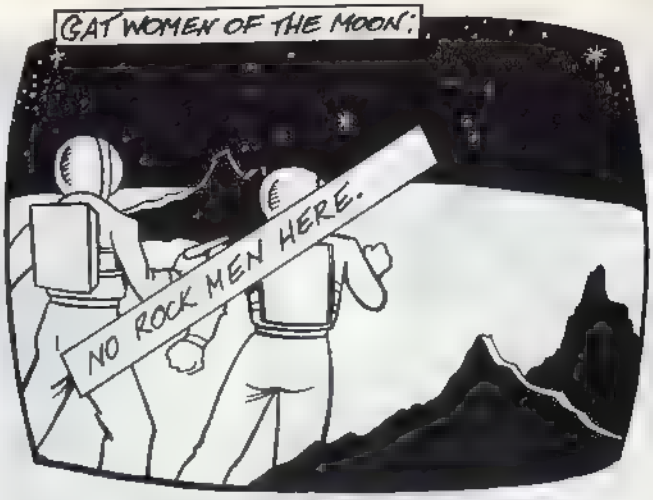
OH! OKAY!

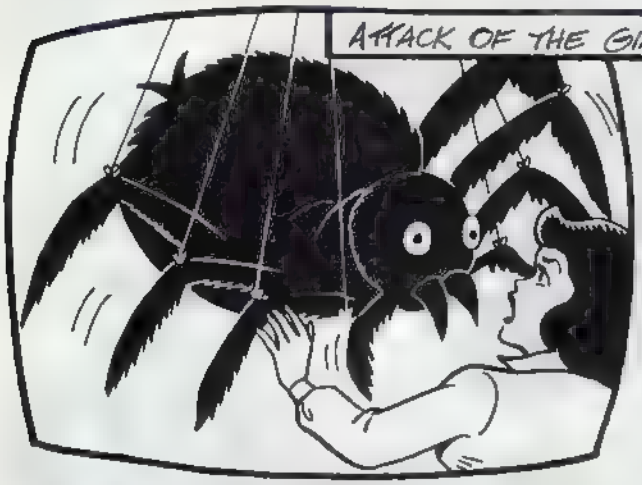
MORAL:
DON'T MUCK AROUND WITH FAT FREDDY'S CAT!

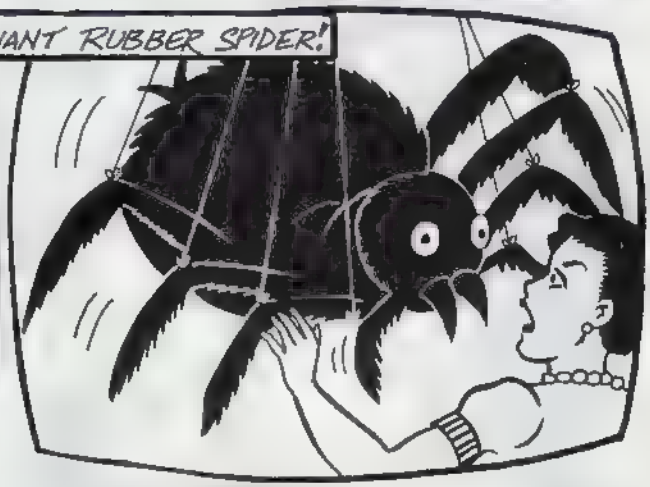
BEATNIK MAIDENS—of the MOON




MISSILE TO THE MOON:
BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM. WE'RE TRAPPED!
ON THE MOON, THEY ARE ATTACKED BY ROCK MEN.


CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON:
NO ROCK MEN HERE.

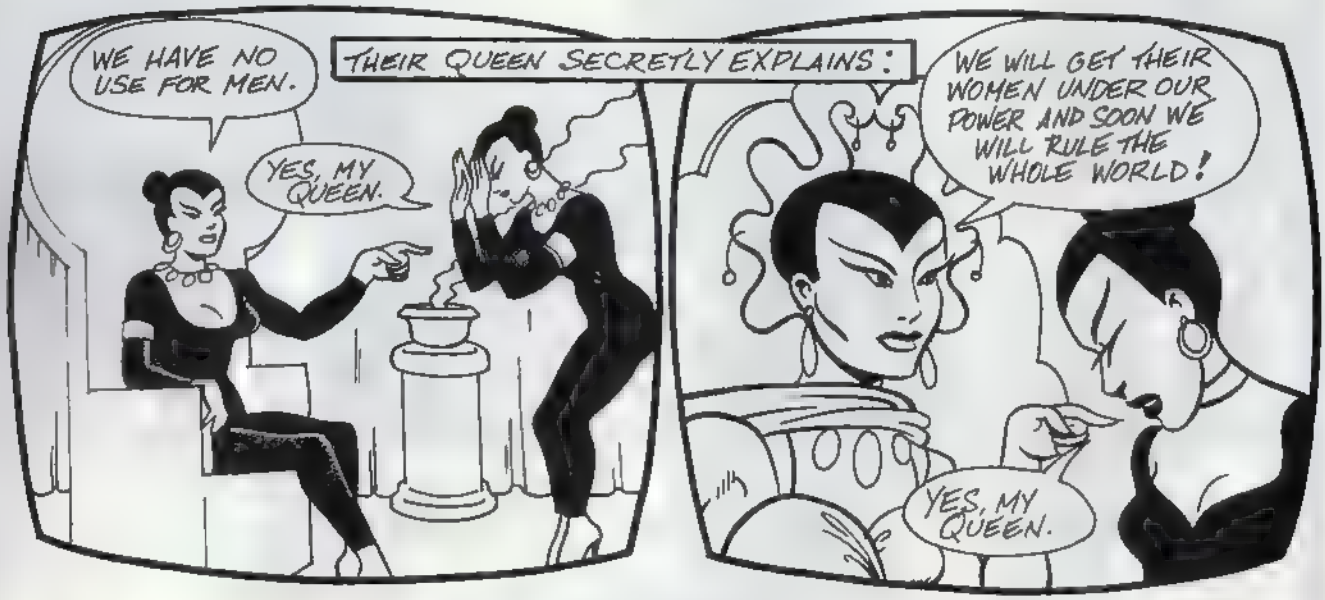

ATTACK OF THE GIANT RUBBER SPIDER!

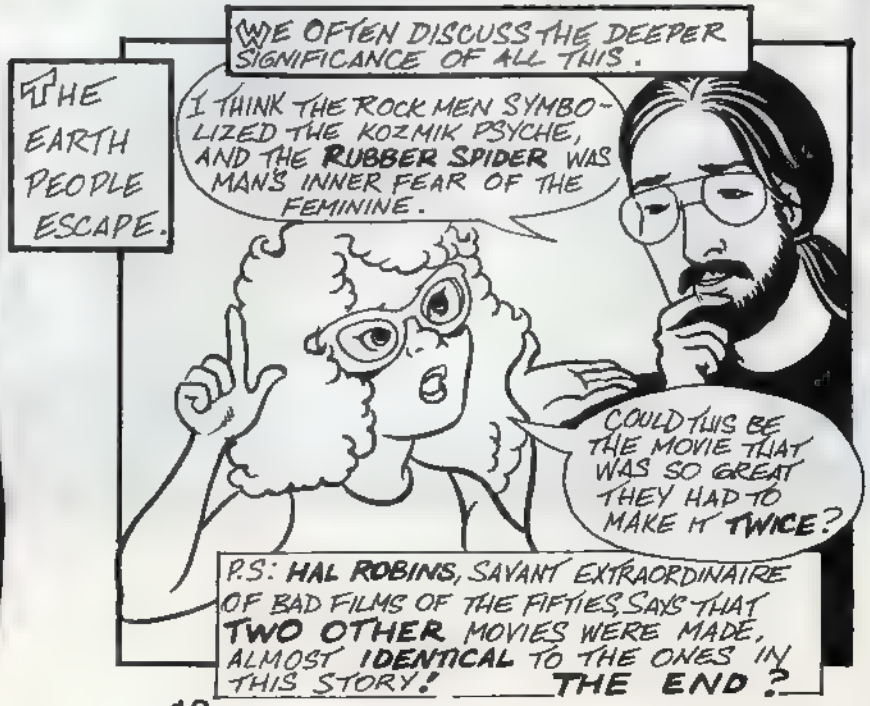


THEY DISCOVER A LOST CIVILIZATION WITH SPACE BABES.

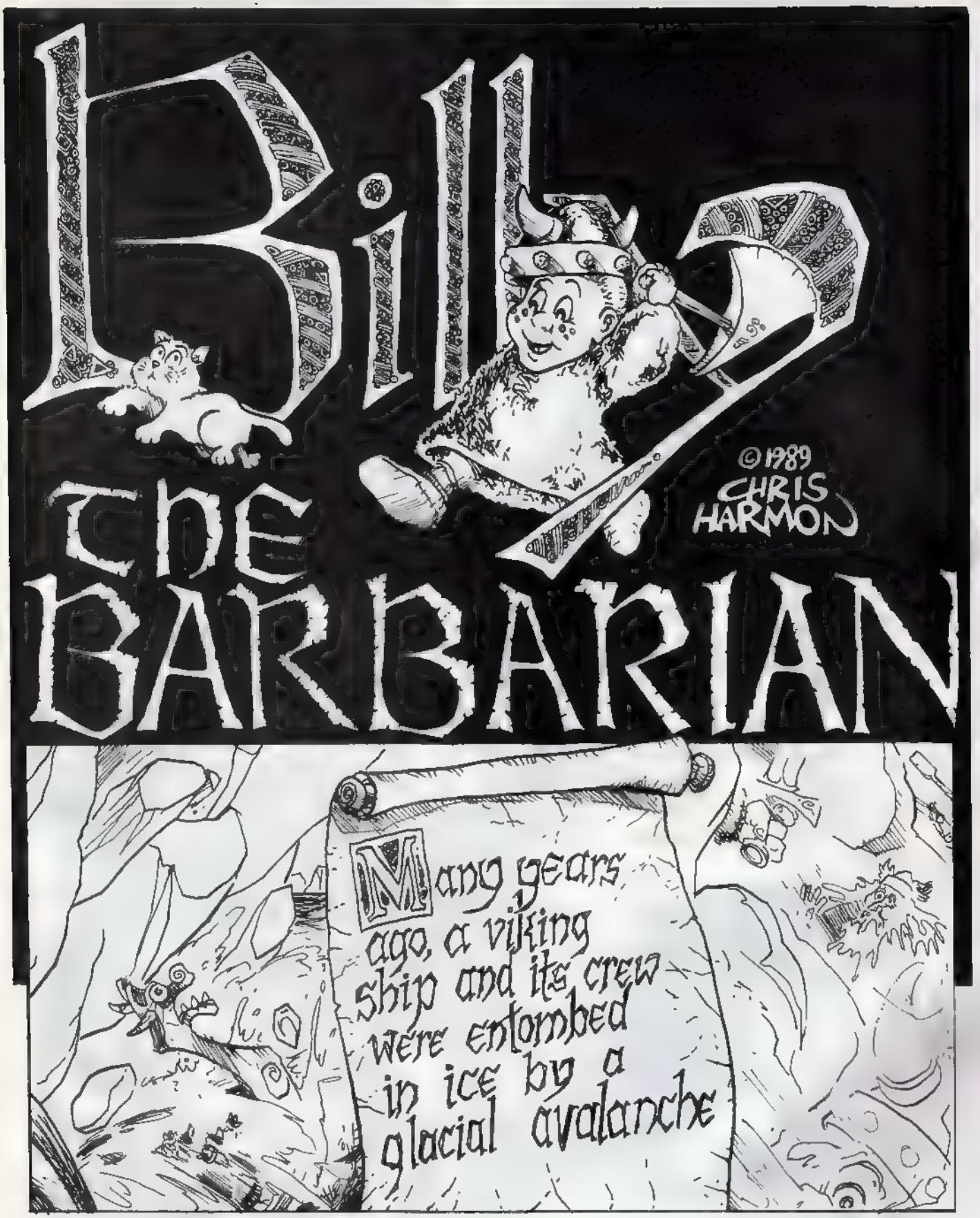
THE BEATNIK MAIDENS BRING EVERYBODY FRUIT AND WINE.
(MISSILE TO THE MOON)

(CAT WOMEN)





Trina Robbins © 89


Bill
THE BARBARIAN
©1989 CHRIS HARMON
Many years ago, a viking ship and its crew were entombed in ice by a glacial avalanche

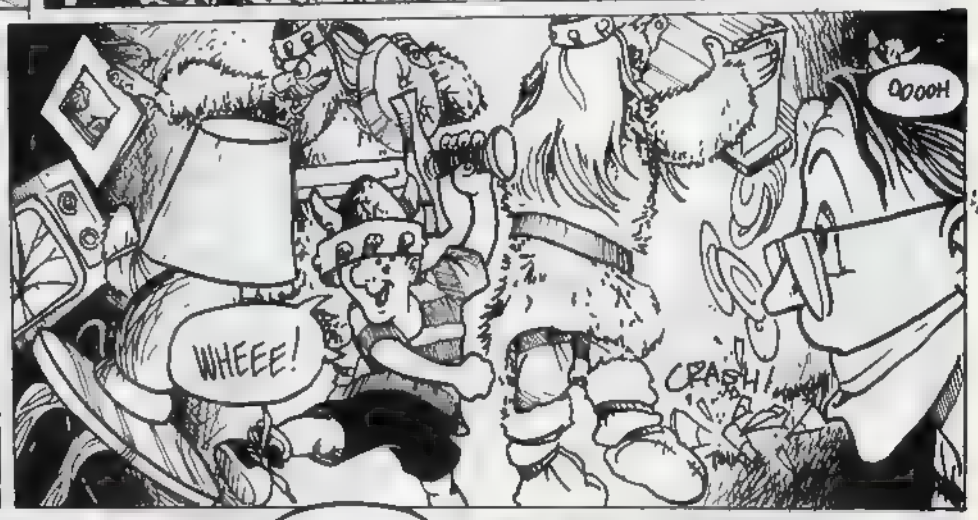
Thousands of years pass and the ice entombing our heroes drifts to the new world and is eventually buried beneath the Earth. Until one night...
ANDERSON
HMMPH!
TAKE AWAY MY T.V. PRIVILEGES, WILL THEY?
WELL, THEY'LL BE SORRY WHEN THEY WAKE UP...
CHOK
AND I'M IN AUSTRALIA!
DANGER
UNDERGROUND CABLE
NOW WHAT THE HELL IS THAT KID UP TO?
FOR AWAKENING US FROM OUR ICY SLEEP, WE ARE GRATEFUL...
I AM CALLED UTHRALGAR!
...UH... I'M CALLED BILLY

BILLY! WE ARE BEING SPIED UPON!
HUH?
DAD!
DAD?
UHH... YEAH... THIS IS... UH... THE CASTLE DADSTRÖM ...I WAS ABOUT TO SACK IT...
UH... WE CALL 'EM DADS
NOW YOU GUYS CAN HELP!
SO LET'S SACK!
EEP!
DEATH TO DADS!
OH MY GOD!!!
CRASH!

CRASH
WAM
BAM

...URK...
TIE HIM UP, MEN! TIGHT!

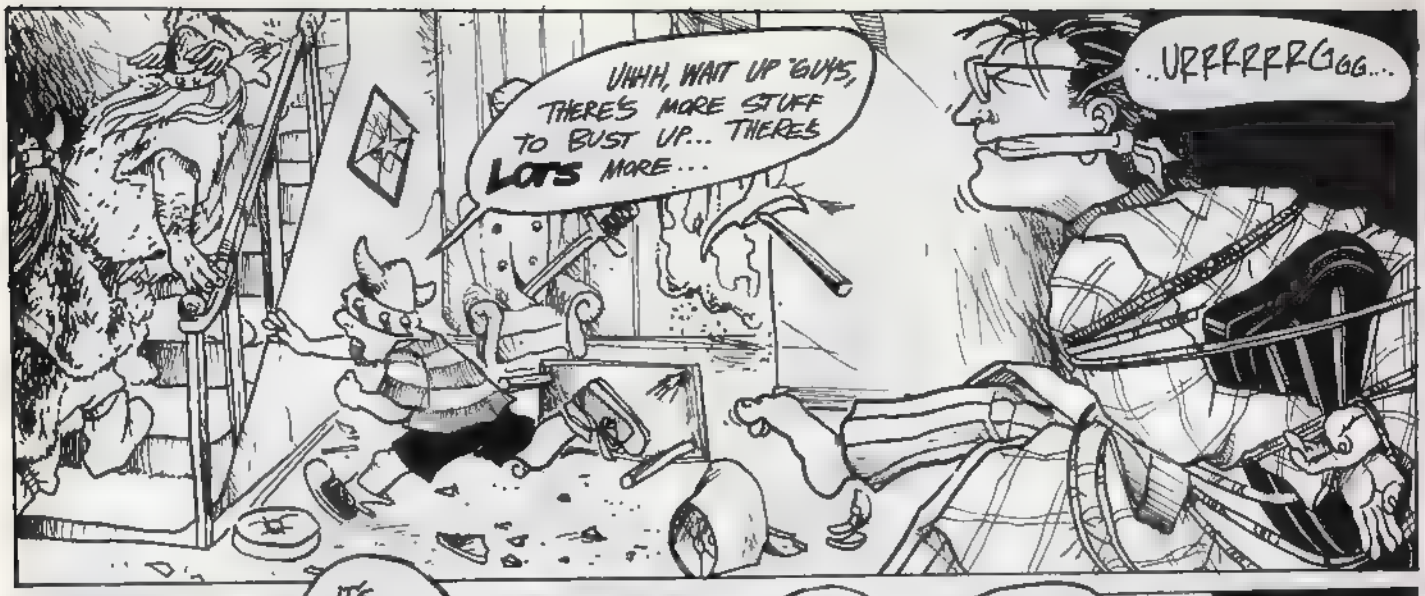
Dreem Doze


OOOOH
WHEEE!
CRASH!

YARRG! DEATH TO DADS!

ARRRR! DAD'S WOMAN!
UH OH

HURRY, MEN! THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL!


UHHH, WAIT UP 'GUYS, THERE'S MORE STUFF TO BUST UP... THERE'S LOTS MORE...
...URRRRRRGGG...

IT'S USELESS TO RESIST, FAIR ONE... GIVE YOURSELF TO ME!

HEY! JA' SEE THE CD?

BE GONE, LITTLE ONE!
IT IS NOT YOUR TIME!

SIGH

ENOUGH!
UH OH

EVERYBODY OUT!

EVERYBODY LEAVE THIS INSTANT OR I START CALLING PARENTS!
YOU! YOU ARE GROUNDED, MISTER!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!
HONESTLY!
THE VERY IDEA!
JEEZ, THANKS A LOT, DAD!
I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!
And Billy was sent to his room, but his new friends continued the glory of the Norse
BEER DRINKERS MAKE BETTER LOVERS
STOP
HO HO

BAR MAIDS ON MARS
STARRING NINA 99
I'M SO EXCITED! TONIGHT I START MY NEW JOB AS A BAR MAID. HOPE I DON'T SCREW UP!
EMPTY GLASS ON TABLE 7.
SPUPSPIK
LOT
LOOK OUT, NINA! THAT'S DADA DESADO! IF YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON THAT MAN HE'LL GIVE YOU A NASTY—
PINCH!
OW
HEY, EARTHWORM. YOU TRYIN' TA DROWN MY MAN?
HA!
OOPS!

I'M SORRY, SIR. SOMEONE PINCHED ME AND I MISFIRED.
HUMAN, YOU HAVE THE MENTALITY OF A MAGGOT! EXPOSURE TO MOISTURE COULD CAUSE MY SENSITIVE ELECTRO-EXTRO-SKELETON TO...
AIEEEEEE.
"EXPLODE"!
UH...ER...AH..YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL MY BOSS ABOUT THIS, ARE YOU?
YOU JUST ZEROED OUT SEXA XO, THE RICHEST MAN IN DA UNIVERSE! WHO'S GOING TA PAY FOR MY PENTHOUSE NOW, YOU EARTH-TRASH HUMANURE!
JOB OR NO JOB, NOBODY INSULTS MY HOMETOWN! SUCKLE KNUCKLE, BONEHEAD!
LOOK BOSS, A FIGHT!

HAHAHAHA
THAT BAR MAID IS REALLY KICKING THE GHOUL. GHOUL GIRL'S ...WAIT A MINUTE ..THAT'S D.K.!
THAT ZOMBIE IS MY FIANCEE! BLAST THAT BAR MAID, BOYS!
WHAT! IS SOMEBODY SHOOTING!
ZZZZZZZZ
OH NO! IT'S VINNY! I HOPE HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE SEXA'S ASHES!
NICE SHOT, VINNY. THIS...PUDDLE WAS UNDER OUR PROTECTION. HOPE YOU HAVE FUN AT YOUR FUNERAL.
SHUT UP, D.K.! AND YOU, SPOOKY. IF THAT'S A THREAT I'LL...
I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO FIRE THAT GUN INDOORS!

WATCH IT, BOSS! THAT'S DEAD BABY, UNCLE ANTI-CRIME'S SIDE KICK. THEY'RE SUPER-TROOPERS!
OK, BABY. I'M BACK FROM THE LITTLE SUPERBOY'S ROOM AND...WHA...WHAT HAPPENED TO DESADO?
DESADO IS DECEASED, DADDY-O. BOOM VAVOOM!
GULP!
MSORRYREALLYSORRYACCIDENTAIMINGATTHEBARMAIDSOSORR
AH, VINNY VAVOOM, THE MARSFIA KINGPIN. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MR. VAVOOM. NOW, WILL YOU PLEASE SIZZLE TILL YOU FIZZLE, YOU GODLESS MOLESTER OF MORALITY!
MEN!
GRRRRR!
WAS THAT YOUR BEST SHOT, HERO? HE'S NOT SO TOUGH! COME ON, BOYS, LETS BREAK THE LAW!
YOU DON'T THINK THEY'LL FIRE ME OVER THIS, DO YA?
POW
DAS ENZ
A HARDCORE COMIX
CYNDAL FERGUSON

ROCK & ROLL

TRASH A HOTEL

PUNK ROCK NOT BIG HIT IN UNIVERSE YET, NO? WE UGLY ALIENS TAKE PRETTY DUMB GIGS SOMETIMES, YES!

SOME HIGHLY PARANOID PLANETS NOT DIG HAVE ALIEN-NOISE-MAKING CONFABULATIONS TOO CLOSE TO MUNDIMATER! MOST PLANETS, FOR A FACT, IS NOT SO? AND WE UGLY ALIENS MUST PROVIDE OWN TRANSPORTATION ON SKINNY BUDGET FROM LOYING GALMUS!

YOU GOT HOW MUCH? HAW HAW HAW PARDON MY GUFFAWS! FELLAS, YOU COULDN'T GET A SCRAPYARD DOG FOR THAT! NOT EVEN A MOLDY CHERRY BOMB!

HOW ABOUT MOLDY CHERRY PIE?

A NON-MOLDY CHERRY PIE WILL I SETTLE FOR, NO?

LOOK, SWEETHEART, THIS IS A MAJOR ROCK AND ROLL BAND AND THEY SERIOUSLY NEED A CONVEYANCE! YOU GOTTA HAVE SOME TUB-OF SPACE PARTS ON THE LOT SOMEWHERE; YOU GOT 5000 ACRES OF JUNK OUT THERE!

MAYBE, TOO, WE LATE ARE?

CD-5

WELL, YOUR WHINING PLEA HATH TOUCHED MY HEART, I DO HAVE A PIECE JUNK OUT BACK, BUT! I WARN YOU, I WILL NOT TAKE IT BACK, AND PARTS ARE HARD TO GET, BEING AS THE RACE WHO BUILT IT HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR 10,000 YEARS!

HMMMM, SWEETHEART, I'LL TAKE IT, PARTS PROBLEM AND ALL! MY BOYS ARE NOT ONLY GOOD WITH MACHINERY, BUT SOME OF 'EM ARE PART MACHINERY!

HERE IT IS, BERNIE CLAUDE! YOU CAN FLY IT AWAY FROM THE LOT, IF IT'LL FLY! IF IT WON'T, YOU BETTER HIRE A TOWBIRD!

ME, FLY? HELL, NO, SWEET HEART! JOHNNY ROKKIT, AND SHITMAN HERE WILL FLY IT! I'VE ARRANGED FOR ALTERNATE TRANSPORTATION!

IM NO FOOL.

BUS

YO, JOHNNY ROKKIT! YOU HAVE THE "RIGHT STUFF," YOU BE THE PILOT!

THEN YOU, SHIT MAN, SHALL BE THE NAVIGATOR! WHERE DO I GO?

WE HAVE A GIG IN SYSTEM BRUDELPUTZ, BETWEEN ACTS AT A PUBLIC TORTURE ARENA!

CAN WE SELL ROCK AND ROLL T-SHIRTS TO THE CROWD?

MAYBE WE WILL BE TOO LATE!

ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS GET LOST IN UNIVERSE A LOT.

SHIT MAN, YOU ARE LOUSY NAVIGATOR, YES!

JOHNNY ROKKIT, YOU ARE LOUSY CAPTAIN!

BUT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO STAY LOST ALL THE TIME.

LOOK! IS STUPID UPSIDE DOWN PLANET!

PLANET IS NOT UPSIDE DOWN! CHART IS UPSIDE DOWN!

ATTENTION! APPROACHING SHIP! IDENTIFY YOUR SELF AND STATE YOUR PURPOSE, PLEASE, AND/OR BE DESTROYED, THANK YOU!

ROCK AND ROLL ALIEN STARSHIP "FLYING SLIME" ARRIVING TO PERFORM ROCK AND ROLL NOISE CONCERT AT FUTZENPUTZ STADIUM ON BRUDELPUTZ!

FUTZENPUTZ IS NOT ON BRUDELPUTZ! FUTZENPUTZ IS IN PUTZENSPUTZ CITY IN ORBIT D-83. FOLLOW DIRECTIONAL MARKERS OR BE DESTROYED!

THESE PEOPLE BE PRETTY INTENT ON DESTROYING THINGS, IS NO?

ACCORDING TO HITCHHIKERS GUIDE BRUDELPUTZ IS MINING PLANET AT CONSTANT WAR WITH INDEPENDENT SPACE HABITATS, WHO ARE ALSO AT WAR WITH ONE ANOTHER!

ATTENTION "FLYING SLIME" FOLLOW DOCKING INDICATORS PRECISELY OR BE DESTROYED! YOU ARE BEING TRANSDOCKED DIRECTLY TO DOCK PORT L-17 OF FUTZENPUTZ HOTEL AND ARENA COMPLEX. DO NOT LEAVE ENVIRONS OF COMPLEX WITHOUT ACQUIESCING TO COMPLETE MEDICAL AND POLITICAL CUSTOMS DISSECTION THANK YOU AND/OR BE DESTROYED!

ROOM SERVICE! THIS IS ROOM 109732401-A! SEND UP DINNERS # 24 & 28 FOR PARTY OF 10, AND FAST, TOO, OR BE DESTROYED!

THENK KEW! AND BE DESTROYED!

JOHNNY ROKKIT, DO YOU GET FEELING THAT "BE DESTROYED" IS POLITE EXPRESSION OF SOCIAL INDULGENCE IN THIS HERE?

IS PERHAPS SO, BUT THE SCUTTL BOMBS THEY MAKE US WEAR ARE PERHAPS TOO SINCERE AN EXPRESSION OF FUTZEN PUTZIAN HOSPITALITY!

DOCKING BELLPORT

CENTRIFUGAL DOCKING PORTS ON CITY3 SUB-BASEMENT

RESIDENTIAL ZONE

EVERYONE WEARS THEM, YOUSEE, NO? VERY TRES CHIC, YES?

PICK-&-PLACE SPACESHIP CONVEYOR ARM (2)

CITY HALL (THE HUB)

MERCANTILE ZONE

SPACESHIP BEING TRANSFERRED TO DOCKING PORT

MAIN HOTEL AND CONVENTION CENTER ZONE

INTERDISTRICT TRANSIT TUBES (4)

DOWN UP

RED LIGHT DISTRICT

SLUMS

SPACECRAFT AT ANCHOR

WHAT IS THIS? OUR FOOD IS HERE AND IT HAS LITTLE BOMBS ON IT, TOO!

ACCORDING TO MENU, IF WE DON'T LIKE THE FOOD WE PUNISH IT BY SETTING OFF THE BOMBS!

PUT THE BOMBS IN TRASH DISINTEGRATOR

PAOOM!

HMM. SO MUCH FOR TRASH DISINTEGRATOR!

WHERE WE PUT REST OF STUPID LITTLE BOMBS NOW?

OMNI TRASH INSPECTOR

MICRO FILM

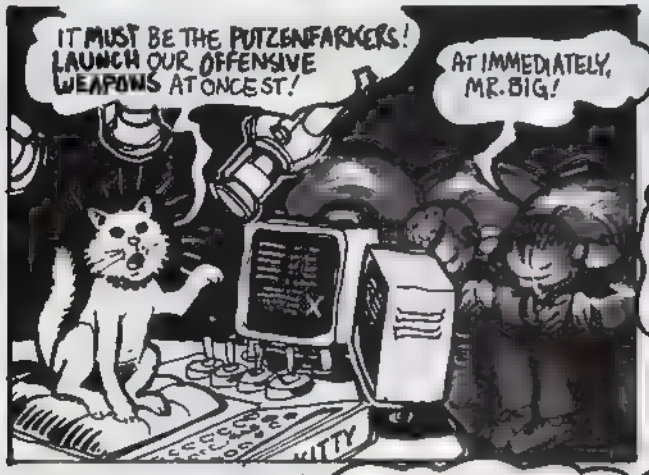
OH, LET'S PUT THEM IN 3V STAND WITH GIDEON BIBLE AND OUR PERSONAL SELF DESTRUCT BOMBS...

AND PUSH THE WHOLE SCHMEAR OUT THE WINDOW!

OR BE DESTROYED! HA HA HA HA!

UH OH...
POONCH!

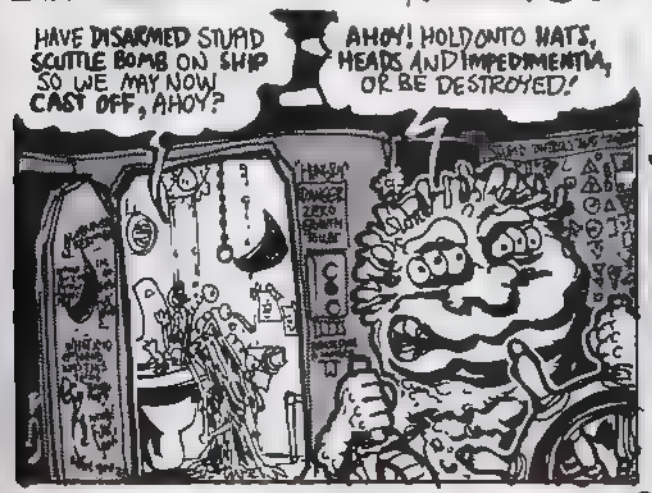
THE HULL HAS BEEN BREACHED! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK AGAIN!


IT MUST BE THE PUTZENFARKERS! LAUNCH OUR OFFENSIVE WEAPONS AT ONCE ST!
AT IMMEDIATELY, MR. BIG!
KITTY

..HAVE AT YOU!..
WHAT BE THIS BE? THE PUTZENPUTZERS ARE ATTACKING OUR GOOD PUTZENFARK ALLIES! LAUNCH OUR MISSILES!

SIRS OR THINGS, YOU MUST PAY YOUR TAB OR BE DESTROYED!
BILL US AT GALMUS OR PULL YOUR OWN STUPID GRENADE PIN AND/OR BE DESTROYED!

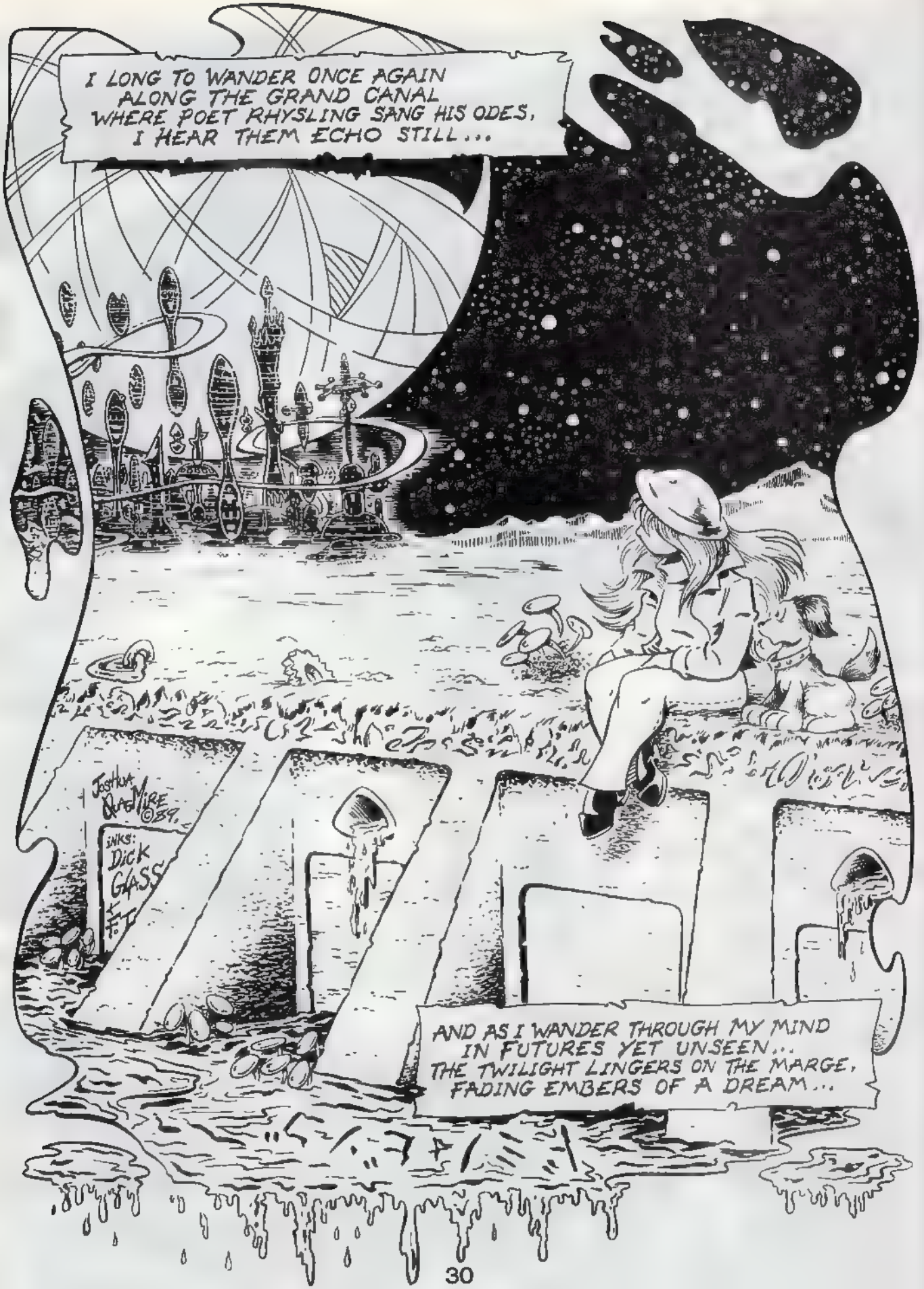
VERY WELL.
HE DID IT!
SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING TO AVOID A LITTLE PAPERWORK!


HAVE DISARMED STUPID SCUTTLE BOMB ON SHIP SO WE MAY NOW CAST OFF, AHOY?
AHOY! HOLD ONTO HATS, HEADS AND IMPEDIMENTIA, OR BE DESTROYED!

EVEN IF WE DIDN'T GET PAID A CENT OR PERFORM, WAS GOOD GIG! AUDIENCE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC AT SLAM DANCING!
MAY, BE WE ARE, LATE, TOO?
FARKENPUTZ.
FARKENPUTZ

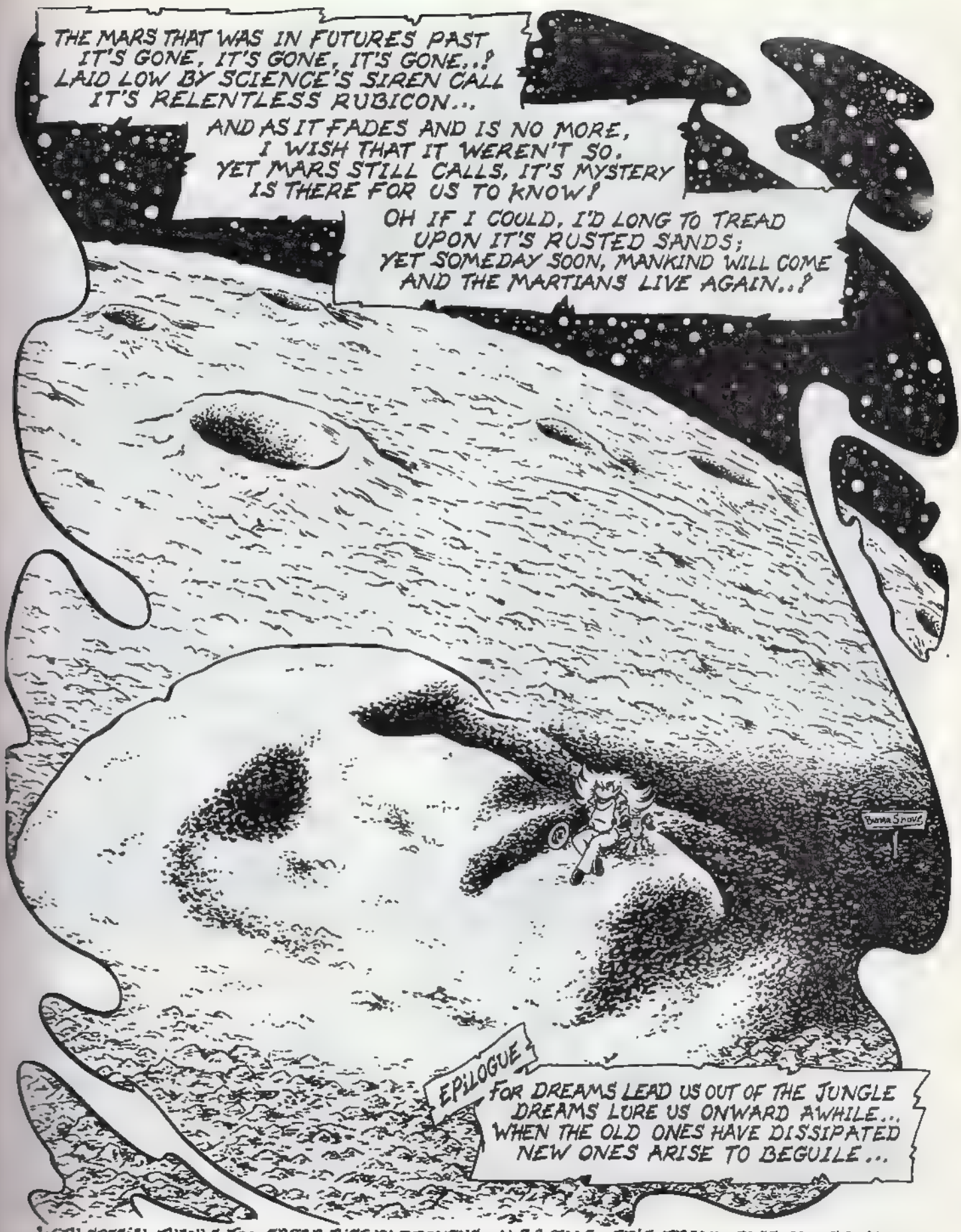
UNCLE JOE PRESENTS: COMMIES IN SPACE
PLIZE TO EXCUSE KOMRAD READERS, AS LAST ISSUE WE ARE MISSINK...
ACHT, IN FADDERLAND VEE HAF VAYS UF DEALINK MIT SCHWEINHUNT CARTOONIST..!
IS TLUE..!
EEP! LOOKSKI, WE ONLY GET ONE PAGE THIS ISSUE!!
BIP BIP BIP
WILL NYET HAPPEN AGAIN...NUDNIK KARTOONIST HAS BEEN SENTANCED TO 300 YEARS CHAINED TO DRAWINK BOARD..
DA...IS TRUE KOMRAD KIDSKIS... WE SOCIALISTS INVENTED SPACE TRAVEL! FIRST SATELLITE IS SPUTNIK! FIRST MAN IN ORBIT IS COSMONAUT..!
SPEAK INTO THE POTATO AMERIKANSKI
JOHN GLENN. PTOOY..!
BIP BIP BIP
CCCP
FIRST DOG IN ORBIT IS SOCIALIST..! FIRST CAT IS SOCIALIST EVEN FIRST BUNNY AND FIRST POTATO... YES FIRST POTATO IN ORBIT IS SOVIET POTATO..!
..ALSO FIRST WOMAN...
FIRST SPACE STATIONS AND FIRST SPACE WALK ARE BY COSMONAUTS...ALSO FIRST VENUS, MARS AND MOON PROBES...EVEN FIRST PICTURES OF BACK SIDE ARE..
BIP BIP BIP
BIP BIP
BUT AMERIKANSKIS ARE LANDINK THERE FIR..YEOWCH!
YOU AMERIKANSKIS,.. YOU PLAY WITH SHUTTLES AND FLASHY SATELLITES,.. WE SOVIETS ARE LIVINK IN SPACE... WE ARE BUILDINK OUR FUTURE THERE..! YOU HAVE FORFEITED THE RACE, YOU HAVE NYET THE INSPIRATION FOR THE LONG TERM... DECADENT KAPITALISM IS PASSE! SOCIALISM IS WAVE UF FUTURE..! WHEN FIRST EARTHMAN IS LANDINK ON MARS, I PREDICT, WILL BE COSMONAUT..!!
THEN MARS WILL TRULY BE RED PLANET!
BIP BIP BIP
JOSHUA QUIGLEY 89
INKS DICK GLASS
HMMPH..! HUMBUG!! ZO WHO IST INVENTED DER VROCKET TECHNOLOGY..? IF THIRD REICH HAD NICHT BEEN VRECKED, VEE VOULD HAFF BEEN FIRST!
UNCLE JOE, UNCLE JOE, IS ONLY ONE THING I AM WANTINK TO KNOW..
PERHAPS..BUT SOON WE NIPPONESE WILL SURPASS YOU ALL..
WHY ARE WE NEEDINK TO WEARINK SPACE SUITS AND FAIR ELF MAIDENS ARE NOT?
DON'T BE ASKINK STUPID QUESTIONS...IS SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE..?
IS BECAUSE WE ARE NYET SELLINK HALF SO MANY COMIX ODDER WAY 'ROUND..!
BIP BIP BIP
BIP BIP
THE ENDSKI

JOHN CARTER'S BARSOOM'S CALLING ME
ACROSS THE FROZEN STARS,
AND AS I PONDER TO REFLECT
I SEE THE FACE OF MARS...
THE RUST RED SANDS LIE ANKLE DEEP,
SWIRLED 'ROUND IN POOLS OF SHADE,
AND LAP UPON DEAD OCEAN SHORES
WHERE MEMORIES ARE MADE...
MARTIAN DUET


I LONG TO WANDER ONCE AGAIN
ALONG THE GRAND CANAL
WHERE POET RHYSLING SANG HIS ODES,
I HEAR THEM ECHO STILL...
Joshua Quagmire ©89.
INKS: DICK GLASS & F.T.
AND AS I WANDER THROUGH MY MIND
IN FUTURES YET UNSEEN...
THE TWILIGHT LINGERS ON THE MARGE,
FADING EMBERS OF A DREAM...

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, PERCIVAL LOWELL..?
WHERE IS YOUR GRAND DESIGN,
OF MARS' CANALS AND EMPIRES LOST
'MIDST DUST OF TRACKLESS TIME..?
IN ODYSSEYS WE ROAMED THE ID
MY MARTIAN FRIENDS AND I
BUT NOW THEY'RE GONE, ALL CRUELLY SLAIN
BY VIKING'S BALEFUL EYE..!
CHESSMEN OF MARS
MARTIAN CHRONICLES
STILL,
THEY SPARKLING ECHO THROUGH MY THOUGHTS
LIKE DREAMS OF LOVERS PAST,
AND THOUGH I'D LONG TO CLUTCH THEM NEAR
THEY FLICKER THROUGH MY GRASP...

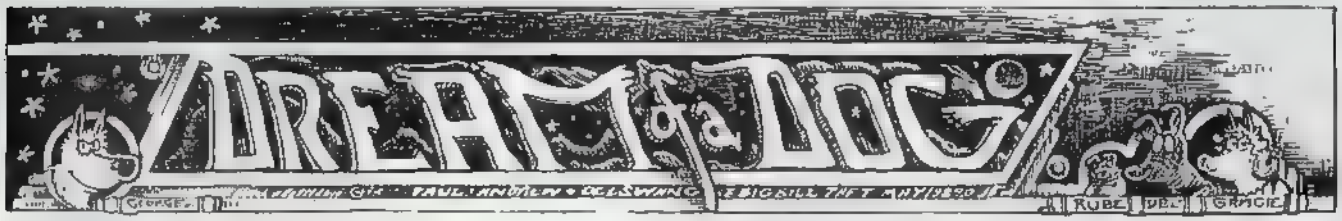
CYDONIA...
IN EONS PAST, THE ICE COLD SEAS WASHED ON THESE RUSTED SHORES
WHERE PYRAMIDS ONCE TOUCHED THE SKY THE MARTIANS STORED THEIR LORE...
BUT NOW THEY SLUMBER 'NEATH THE SANDS RED SANDS FOREVER MORE...
AND LONG THEY WAIT IN TIMELESS SLEEP FOR FOOTSTEPS ON THE SHORE...
THEIR ANCIENT DESTINY TO KEEP OH SLUMBER ON IN TROUBLED SLEEP WHILE SHIFTING SANDS DRIFT O'ER...

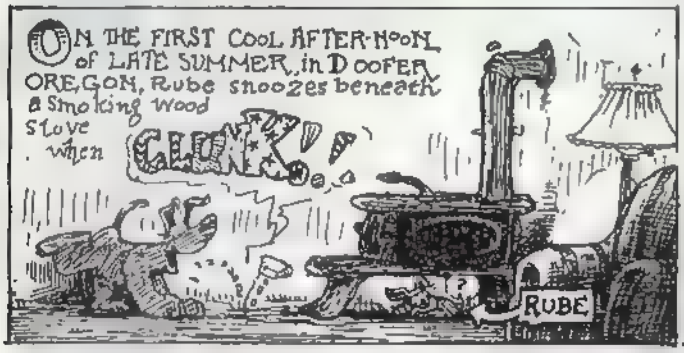


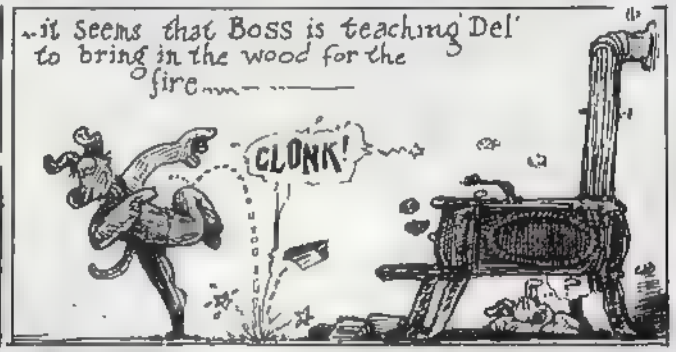
WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO: EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, H.G. WELLS, ERIC FRANK RUSSELL, C.L. MOORE, ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, STANLEY WEINBAUM, RAY BRADBURY AND ALL THE REST... WHEREVER THEY ARE...

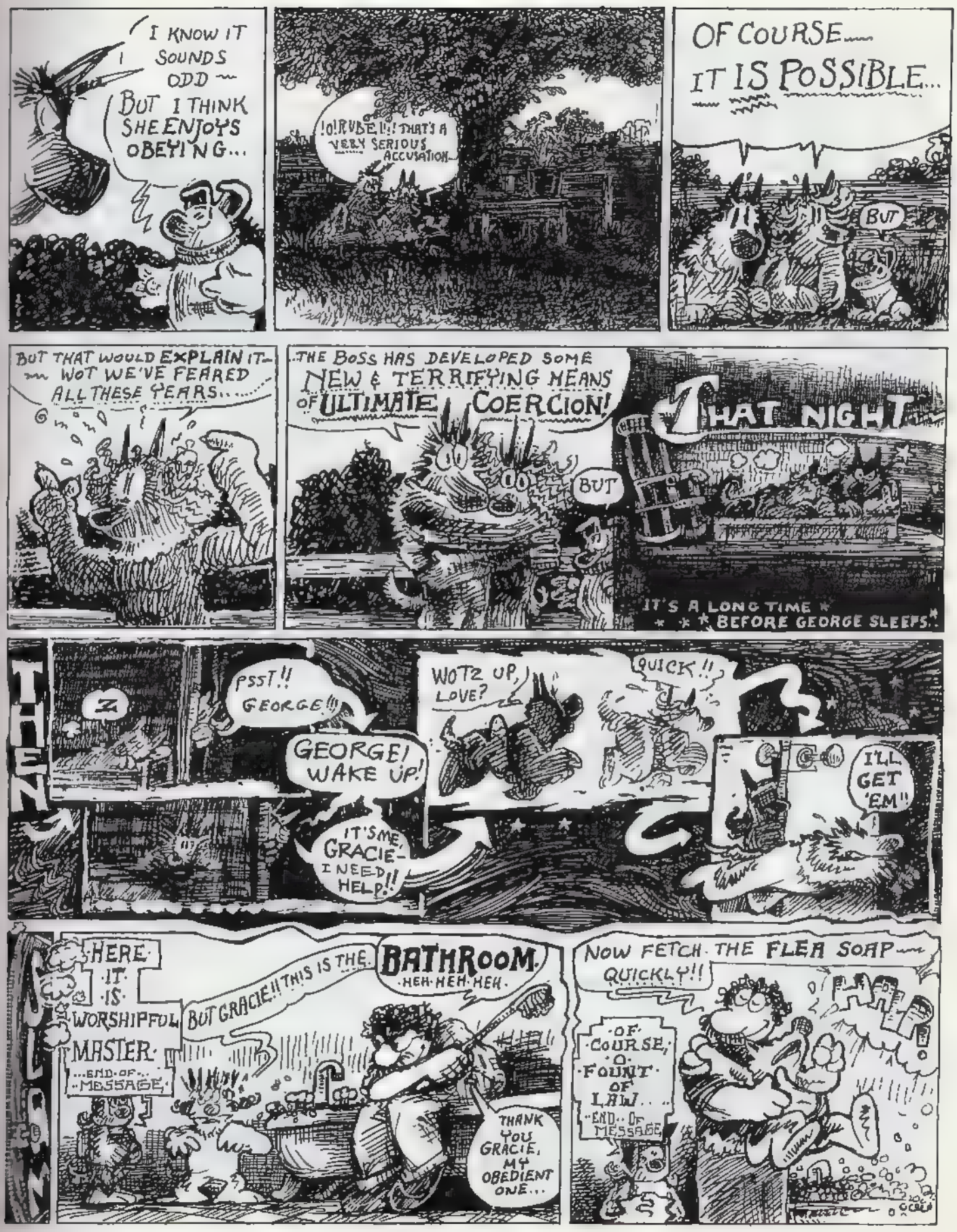
ELKHOUNDS

OKAY — NOW I FEEL IT IS BEST TO START BY MENTIONING SOMETHING ABOUT THE NATURE OF NORWEGIAN ELKHOUNDS — BECAUSE, YOU SEE, FOLX — ELKHOUNDS ARE NOT LIKE MOST DOGS — BOOKS SAY THAT THEY ARE, "FRIENDLY, TWO' INDEPENDENT..." — YES, THEY ARE FRIENDLY — BUT 'INDEPENDENT' IS NOT QUITE RIGHT — IT'S MORE LIKE "TOTALLY UN-INTERESTED IN OBEDIENCE" — OWNING AN ELKHOUND IS NOTHING LIKE OWNING A DOG; IT'S LIKE HAVING A HOUSE-MATE WHO HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM.








I KNOW IT SOUNDS ODD ~ BUT I THINK SHE ENJOYS OBEYING...
!O!RUDE!!! THAT'S A VERY SERIOUS ACCUSATION...
OF COURSE... IT IS POSSIBLE...
BUT
BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN IT~ WOT WE'VE FEARED ALL THESE YEARS.....
THE BOSS HAS DEVELOPED SOME NEW & TERRIFYING MEANS OF ULTIMATE COERCION!
BUT
THAT NIGHT
IT'S A LONG TIME BEFORE GEORGE SLEEPS.
THEN
Z
PSST!! GEORGE!!!
GEORGE! WAKE UP!
IT'S ME GRACIE- I NEED HELP!!
WOTZ UP, LOVE?
QUICK!!
I'LL GET 'EM!!
HERE IT IS WORSHIPFUL MASTER ...END OF... MESSAGE
BUT GRACIE!! THIS IS THE BATHROOM. HEH-HEH-HEH.
THANK YOU GRACIE, MY OBEDIENT ONE...
NOW FETCH THE FLEA SOAP~ QUICKLY!!
OF COURSE, O FOUNT OF LAW... ...END OF MESSAGE

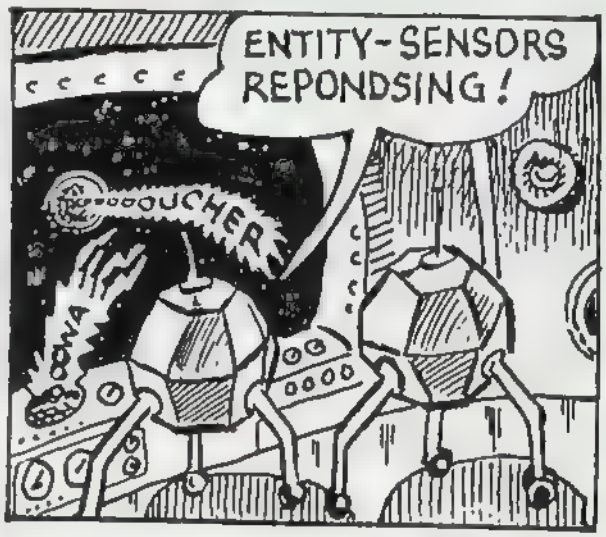
THANK YOU GRACIE, MY LITTLE OBEDIENT ONE — AND NOW YOUR REWARD — A NICE JOLT TO THE PLEASURE CENTER
OOOOH!! AAAAH!!
HEY! — THAT'S MY WIFE!!
THE SLEEP OF REASON BEGETS MONSTERS
NO!
YOU KNOW, GRACIE — WASHING GEORGE IS A FORM OF ARCHAEOLOGY —
NOTICE HOW LAYER AFTER ANCIENT LAYER WASHES LOOSE.
REVEALING SECRETS HITHERTO UNKNOWN — IN FACT, I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED FOUR PREVIOUS ELK HOUNDS... ALL CONSTRUCTED ON THE SAME SITE —
QUITE HUMOROUS, MASTER HAHA HAHAHA
O, THE HORROR, HORROR, HORROR !!!!
HERE ARE THE KEYS — GATHER THE OTHER DOGS SO THAT THEY MAY ..... WATCH —
OBEDIENCE IS JOY COMMANDS ARE MY MEAT
THEN, IT'S YOUR TURN TO STACK THE WOOD...
YES YES
Ouch
No!

·PLEASE· ·ALLOW·ME· TO·PASS, ·SIR· ·OR·MADAM·
GRACIE! STOP!! YOU'RE AN ELKHOUND!! FOLLOWING ORDERS WILL RUIN YOUR DELICATE CONSTITUTION!!
SUDDENLY ~ KLONG! GEORGE FEELS A SHOVEL BONKO, ~ A WRENCH BEHIND HIS LEFT EAR..
BEHIND HIS RIGHT EAR ~
·DO·NOT·ATTEMPT· ·OBSTRUCTIONS·
FIDELIO! RHUBARB!!
GRACIE!!
KA POW
GRR
GRACIE!! MY LOVE!! YOU'VE BEEN FORCED TO OBEY HUMAN LAWS!!
HUH? WOT? WHO?
CALLUSES !?!?!!?
BACK THERE, GRACIE, WE LET THE GOVERN-MENT GET TOO BIG & UNRESPONSIVE, ~ NEXT TIME, WE MUST DEMAND MUCH GREATER CONTROL ON EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES — I'M POSITIVE WE CAN KEEP THE SAME ARCHAIC & DEMENTED CAPITALIST PATTERNS OF OWNERSHIP — [WHERE THE PEOPLE WHO OWN BOTH THE PATENTS ON THE TECHNOLOGIES AND THE FACTORIES DEMANDING ONE THING, WHILE THE WORKERS NEED THE EXACT OPPOSITE] WE'LL JUST MAKE MORE LAWS, THIS TIME ~
WOT AM I SAYING ?
~WHATEVER THAT MEANS, DEAR ~
HEY!! FELLOW ANARCHISTS!!
WELL ~
~ HELLO 'DERE, CHUBBY ELKHOUNDS ~ IT'S I — YER ANARCHO-PAL ...
GEORGE ~ LOOK! IN THE TRASH CAN ~

~SIR~ WE ARE NOT YOUR PALS. YOU ARE A CAT! ~AND ARE WE~
ANARCHISTS? NO INDEED! NOR ARE WE LIBERALS NOR CONSERVATIVES THESE LABELS MEAN NOTHING IN TODAY'S WORLD. IF WE ARE ANYTHING, WE MIGHT BE CALLED "MODERN POPULISTS"..(THO' NOT PROGRESSIVES ~ THOSE GUYS WANT TO BE SOCIALISTS, BUT THINK SOCIALISM SOUNDS TOO JEWISH. ~NO SIR~ WE WANT LIBERTY.
NOT LICENSE !! LIBERTY WITH LIMITS !!!
BE AN ANARCHIST-CAT!
...AND HAVE LIBERTY WITHOUT LIMITS
GEE, GEORGE ~ THAT SOUNDS NICE ~ & YOU KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID ELKHOUNDS' NOBILITY IS OUR INDEPENDENCE
GRACIE!! THAT'S ALL CAT TALK!!
~GEORGE~ THINK ABOUT OUR INDEPENDENCE..... IF WE SET UP A DOG-CO-OP, THEN WE'D BE CONSTANTLY HEMMED-IN BY RESPONSIBILITIES
WHY NOT BE ANARCHIST CATS?
..UH..
IN FACT, YOUSE GUYS, WIT' Y' POINTY EARS & SHORT SNOUTS EVEN SORTA LOOK LIKE US CATS
AND GEORGE YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID THAT POWER CORRUPTS ~ SO IF WE STARTED A GOVERNMENT WE'D BECOME CORRUPT LET'S FORGET LAWS & RULES & JUST BE OURSELVES!!
BIG "POWER-TRIP" PROBLEM? GEORGY-PORGY? TOO MACHO TO LISTEN TO "YOUR" WOMAN?
UH...
GRACIE! NOW YOU LOOK LIKE A CAT!!!
AND GEORGE YOU KNOW THAT CATS HAVE GREAT KINKY JAY ALL FULL OF MALE DOMINANCE ~ (AFTER SOME STRUGGLE OF COURSE)...
LOOK GEORGE ~ YOU'RE A CAT, TOO!
NO
NIX! NOT A CAT!!!
GEORGE WAKES
NOT A CAT
POOR DEAR ~~ YOU WERE HOWLING SO IN YOUR SLEEP! I MADE US A POT OF NICE WARM BEEF BROTH...
NOT A CAT
©JEEWANG

GASPETTIAN Meatballs!

THEY HAD TRECKED ARDUOUSLY ACROSS THE VAST WASTES OF SPACE, MANY HEAVY LIGHT-YEARS FROM THEIR NATIVE GALAXY. THEY WERE NEAR ESHAUXTION WHEN SUDDENLY THEIR SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS SCREECHED UNSETTLING SIGNALS...



A FIENCE SICTION SUPSENSTORY 1

THEIR ALIEN CURIOUSITY STIRRED, THEY STEERED THE QUEER CRAFT TOWARD THE LACHRYMOSE, LUGUBRIOUS & INSALUBRIOUS SOUNDS OF DESPAIR...

NAGIVATE FOR INSTEVIGATION OF PLANET BELOW!

YOW!

OOOWAAA

BY ALL THAT'S SPHEROID! A *TORTURE* RITE!

RAH RAH OOOWAH

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! WHAT A VULGAR PHEMONONON!

SWOOOOP

RESCUE RAY ACVITATED. BAND STY! ***BAND STY!***

WOT'S DIS DEN?

'OOS DEM GEEZAS?

BZZZZT

OY!

LEAVE IT ART!

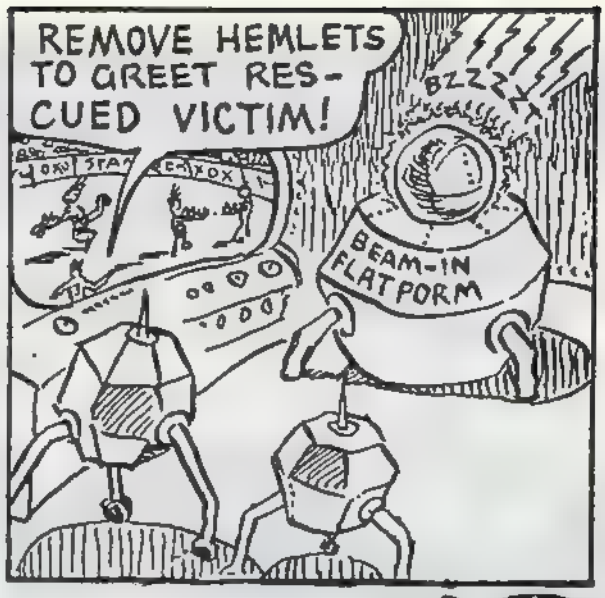
GIVE OVER!

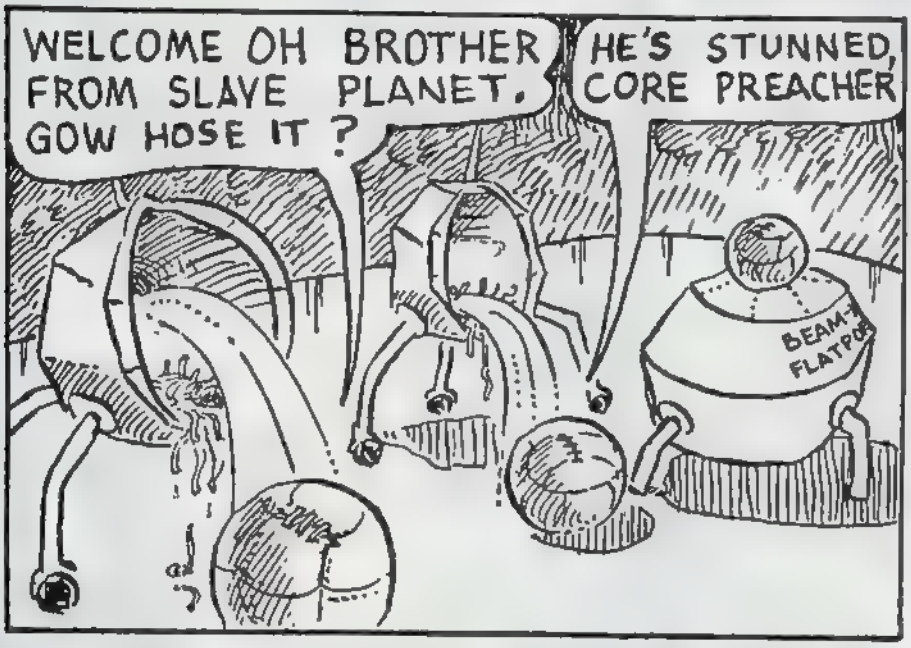
OWN UP!

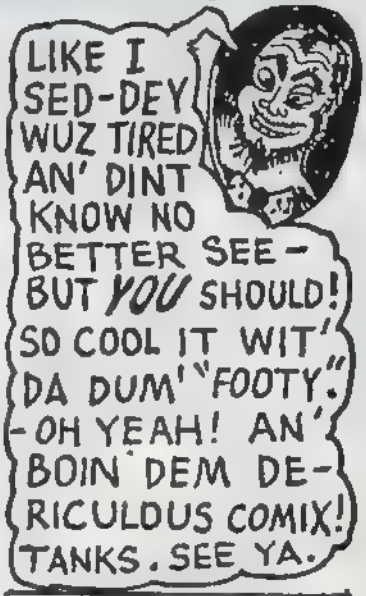
BZZN

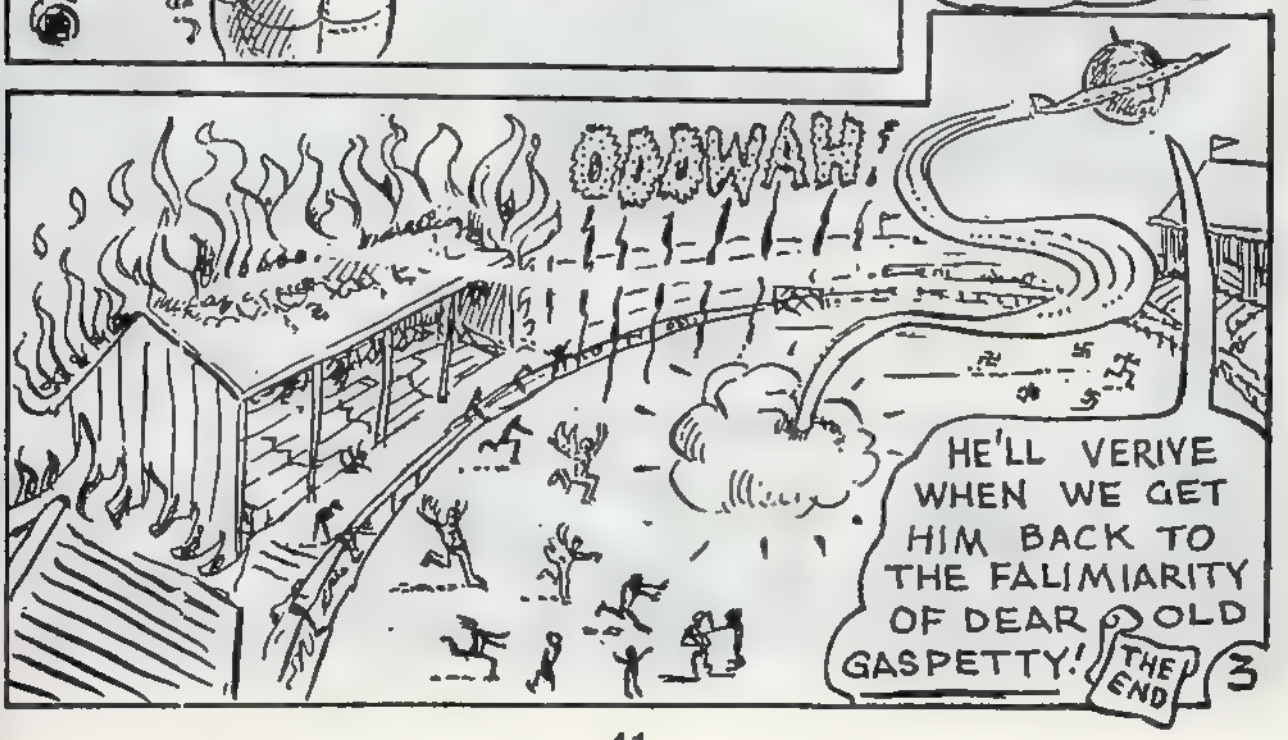
UH?

PLAY ON! PLAY ON!
I'M ON FIRE! PUT ME OUT!
GISS DUR BALL!
XO
OSRAM


REMOVE HEMLETS TO GREET RES-CUED VICTIM!
BZZZZ
BEAM-IN FLATPORM


WELCOME OH BROTHER FROM SLAVE PLANET. GOW HOSE IT ?
HE'S STUNNED, CORE PREACHER
BEAM-FLATPO

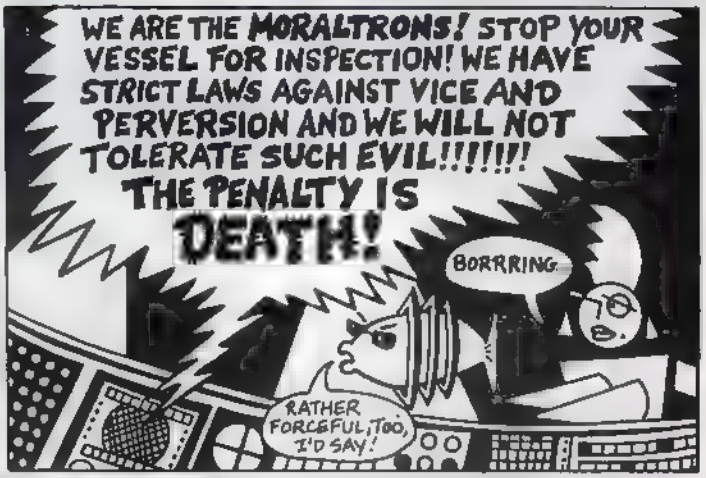

LIKE I SED-DEY WUZ TIRED AN' DINT KNOW NO BETTER SEE-BUT YOU SHOULD! SO COOL IT WIT' DA DUM' "FOOTY." -OH YEAH! AN' BOIN DEM DE-RICULDUS COMIX! TANKS. SEE YA.

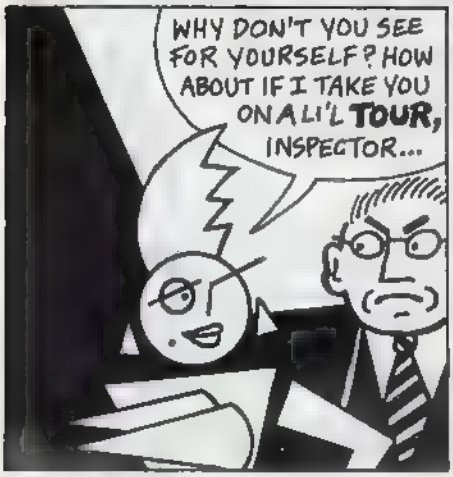

QQOWAH!
HE'LL VERIVE WHEN WE GET HIM BACK TO THE FALIMIARITY OF DEAR OLD GASPETTY!
THE END
3

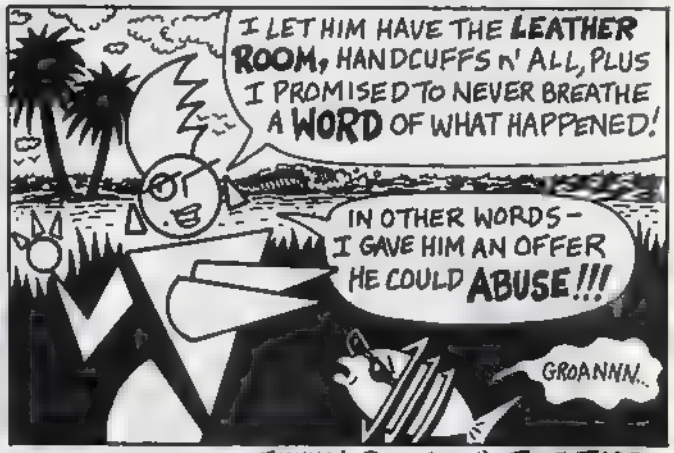
MADAME X FROM PLANET SEX in X-POSÉ

WITH: "REX" THE ATOMIC FLYING FISH!

by MARY FLEENER©1989



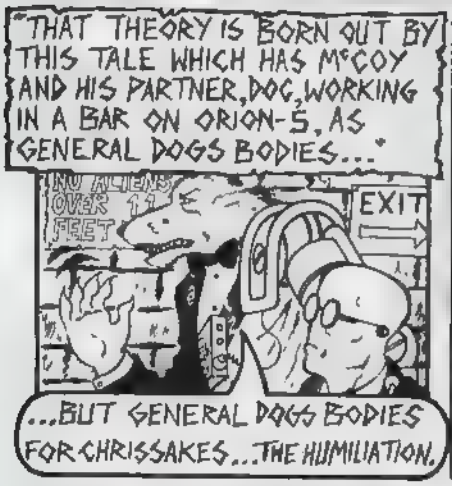


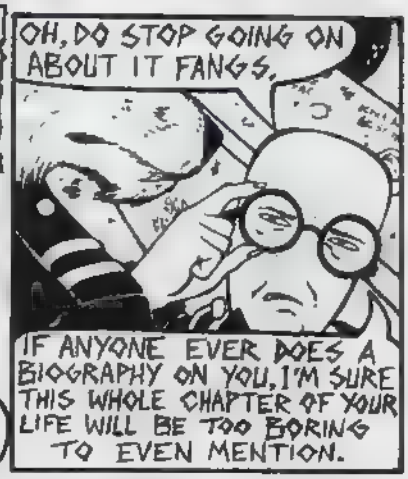


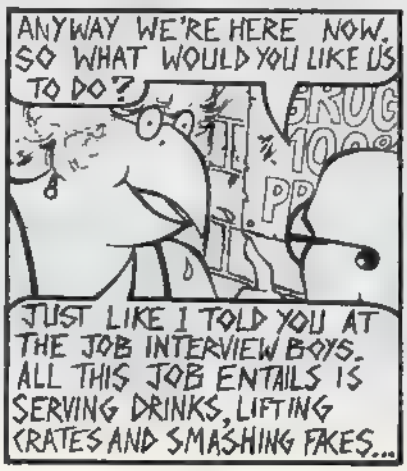
THANKS to PAUL (again!) **THE END**

FANGS M'COY WANTED: DEAD or ALIVE.

BY JOHN A. SHORT







FIVE MINUTES LATER...
...JM, NOW WHAT WAS IT? SMASHIN' DRINKS, SERVIN' CRATES AND LIFTIN' FACES ?..NO...ER...

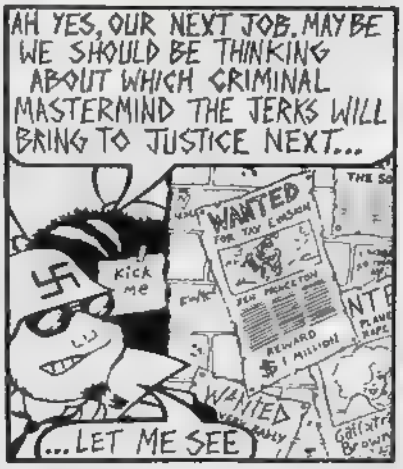
"UNFORTUNATELY (FOR THE OWNERS OF THE BAR) ON THE VERY NIGHT McCOY AND DOC STARTED WORK, THEY ENCOUNTERED A TRIO OF MERCILESS BOUNTY HUNTERS, KNOWN COLLECTIVELY AS THE THREE JERKS."
WANTED!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SCREWED UP THAT LAST JOB...
HOW DID YOU LET THAT GUY OVERPOWER YOU AND ESCAPE?

HE JUST GOT LUCKY BRIAN.
LUCKY? LUCKY!?

THE GUY WAS A RUNTY LITTLE FOUR FOOT TALL ACCOUNTANT WANTED OF EMBEZZLEMENT. HE WAS IN POOR HEALTH. HE WAS UNARMED!
HOW LUCKY CAN YOU BE?

HEY DADDY-O, STOP SENDING US THESE BAD VIBES. IT WASN'T OUR FAULT
YEAH. THE NEXT JOB WILL BE BETTER


AH YES, OUR NEXT JOB. MAYBE WE SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT WHICH CRIMINAL MASTERMIND THE JERKS WILL BRING TO JUSTICE NEXT...
WANTED
Kick me
...LET ME SEE

WE'VE ONLY GOT TWENTY-EIGHT DOLLARS BETWEEN US SO TRAVEL IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. MUST BE LOCAL.
BRIAN! I THINK I'VE GOT IT...

DEAD OR ALIVE
MENU SLOP-$ LEFT OVERS
EAST SIDE RATS
FANGS OSWALD McCOY
REWARD $700,000
REWARD DONATED BY THE ULTRA MENILO FAN CLUB OF ORION
WANTED FOR MURDER AND STUFF... DETAILS...

PERFECT! AND HE WAS LAST SEEN HERE ON ORION-5!
ENDSVILLE MAN!
ORION 5 TIMES
QUEENS BODY GUARD IN SEA

OKAY, HERE'S THE PLAN. WE SPLIT UP, PUT OUR EARS TO THE GROUND AND PUMP SOME LOCALS FOR INFO.
I'M GONE!

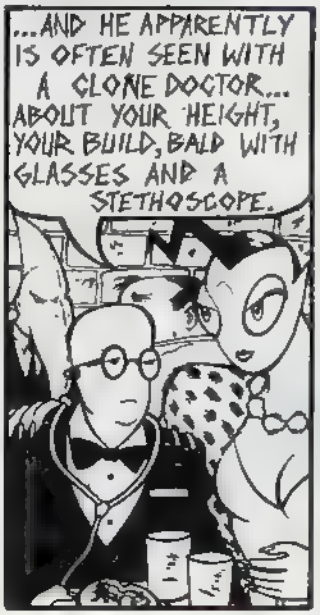
Jerk
Jerk

SO...
AAYUGGGH!
...AND IF YOU COME BACK AGAIN IT'LL BE MORE THAN JUST A FINGER I TEAR OFF!
MARCUS
SAY THERE DADDY-O...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, PUS-FOR-BRAIN?
PLAYING TONTE
HOW-DEE LOCAL-TYPE-PERSON, YOU LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF HIPSTER WHO'S ALL CLUED-UP.

YOU WHAT?
I'M LOOKING FOR A DANGEROUS DUDE BY THE NAME OF FANGS McCOY...
MAYBE YOU KNOW SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP ME?

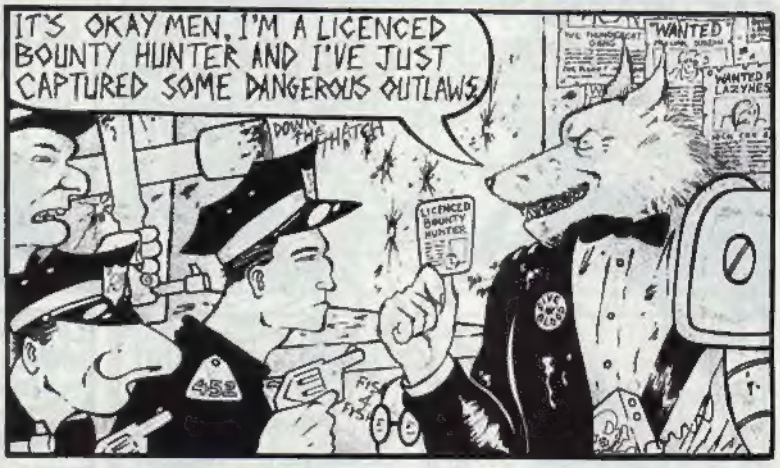
HEH HEH


...AND HE APPARENTLY IS OFTEN SEEN WITH A CLONE DOCTOR... ABOUT YOUR HEIGHT, YOUR BUILD, BALD WITH GLASSES AND A STETHOSCOPE.

SO IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING, YOU JUST COME RUNNING TO LULU AND I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO REWARD YOU... ...OKAY HONEY?
YOU CAN RELY ON ME.
DO IT BETTER
YOU LITTLE CUTIE!

... AND I THOUGHT FANGS WAS STUPID...
BOSS' BODY

HEY DOC...THERE ARE SOME DUMB BOUNTY HUNTERS IN HERE AND THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US.
I KNOW, I WAS JUST TALKING TO ONE OF THEM.
MAYBE WE SHOULD GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THEY CATCH ON...
NOW DON'T LETS DO ANYTHING HASTY. THEY'RE PRETTY THICK, WE COULD TURN THIS TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
WHAT YOU MEAN STRING 'EM ALONG WITH FALSE FACTS?
YES! NOT ONLY WILL IT GET RID OF THEM AND THROW THE POLICE OFF OUR TRAIail...THEY MIGHT EVEN PAY FOR THE INFO.
THERE!
...BANG GOES THAT IDEA.
...OI, YOU!
MARCUS! LULU! GET OVER HERE I'VE FOUND 'EM...!
EAT PLASMA TURD-FEATURES!
YER-BLAM!
WHAT THE...?!
EEEEK!
DUCK!
CRASH!
AAAAAGGHHK!
LIKE WOW MAN, WHATS HAPPENING BRIAN?
EEEEEEEK!
CH-BOOM!
CH-BOOM!
BLAM! BLAM! CRASH! EEEEK!
GET ME THE POLICE... THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!



© COPYRIGHT J.A. SHORT 1988.

Continued from inside front cover . . .

LETTERS— Last issue I said please send letters, and we actually got some . . . Well, two—one from some guy who thought Issue No. 22 stunk on ice and predicted Rip Off Press would soon go down the tubes at this rate—which bummed me out so much I tossed it in the trashcan, and consequently am not printing it here. Hey c'mon guys, if your taste and mine are that far apart I'm sorry, but please consider the fact that we're doing our best to put out a good comic magazine in a less-than-terrific market situation. Constructive criticism is fine, but if you sincerely wish me to drop dead I'd just as soon not hear about it. In the constructive criticism department, the following:

Walt Wentz
Forest Grove, OR

Dear Sir, Madam, Machine, whatever:

Iss diss a system? Wot Gives? Sure I appreciate the extra-long "Dreams of a Dog" sequence—Ollswang is weird, deep, amusing and erudite—but where the hell is "Uncle Joe's Commie Book?" Quagmire also is one of the few new artists who can both draw *and* write, his stuff is off the beaten track and genuinely unpredictable, yet here you start an interesting story and then knock a big hunk right outa the middle of it! You think we *enjoy* waiting six months for Uncle Joe's Commie Book, Jack (or Madam, or Machine)? Why fill up all those pages with a bunch of reprint stuff? All us oldtime slobbering comix freaks *enjoy* 'em, of course, but we already *have* 'em! Hey, if Shelton wants to get printed, let him draw something *new!* Ditto for whatzisname! There are plenty of deserving new artists out there who deserve a chance in *Rip Off*, so don't squander your pages! Or has Exxon bought out ROP too? If so, don't tell me. I got worries enough already.

Dear Walt,

Sorry about the hiatus in the continued "Uncle Joe" story. Due to a misunderstanding about deadlines Joshua Quagmire missed getting into Issue No. 22 (this also accounts for there being more reprints than we would normally have in one issue—the "emergency stash" must sometimes be put into use), and he had already decided he wanted to do the "Martian Duet" piece for this issue. "Uncle Joe's Commie Book" will be back in Rip Off No. 23 *this September.*

As for the Shelton reprint, you're not the only old fan who would like to see Gilbert do more new work. We will be getting quite a chunk of it in the forthcoming (and no, I'm not ready to admit exactly when) Freak Brothers #11 *comic, the art for which is now mostly completed.*

I know it may be disappointing for our true-blue, longtime fans to see material that's already familiar to them—but consider that many of our readers weren't even born *yet when a lot of the early (and mostly long out-of-print) Wonder Wart-Hog stories were published. If the cook's on vacation, what's wrong with a few tasty leftovers?*

No thank God, we haven't been bought out by Exxon. Then we'd really *be in trouble!*

—Editor
(**Not** a machine!)

NEXT ISSUE: It's a free-for-all as U.S. contributors such as Frank Stack, Gavin Wood and Pete Friedrich join forces with cartoonists from Europe and elsewhere. The bad news: After three printing price hikes in a row, we're forced to raise the cover price on *Rip Off* to $3.25. All you lucky subscribers who are already on our list will be getting your issues at the old rate, but as of now the subscription rate will reflect the new cover price of future issues.

SUBSCRIBE!

DON'T WAIT TO GET YOUR RIP OFF PRESS CATALOG TO FIND OUT THERE'S A NEW ISSUE OF ***RIP OFF!*** DON'T PAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGES TO RECEIVE THEM! **SIGN UP TODAY—FOUR ISSUES (ONE YEAR) FOR ONLY $13 ($13.78 INSIDE CALIF.)**

Please specify the issue with which your subscription should begin when ordering.

Send check, MO or Visa/MC info to: Rip Off Press, Inc., Box 4686, Auburn CA 95604.